# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the* Editor *of* The Bookman, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

*All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the* 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November *in the* December *number.*

## NEWS NOTES.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Oliphant has not been able to complete the first volume of her History of the House of Blackwood in time for the present season. It may be looked for, we hope, next year.

We understand that Mr. Hall Caine's next book will appear in one of the newer magazines in this country, and in *Munsey's Magazine* in America.

Miss Marie Corelli is publishing a new romance with Messrs. Methuen. The title is not yet settled. The Prince of Wales has expressed a desire to have the first copy. Miss Corelli will also publish a volume with Mr. Arrowsmith of Bristol.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new book of poetry will be simply entitled "Ballads." It will not, however, be published this year. Probably Mr. Kipling, some of whose recent ballads have been severely criticised, wishes a little more material to choose from.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise have prepared the first volume of a new work entitled "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century." It is on the plan of Nichol's well-known "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," and its object is to make fresh contributions towards a literary history of the period. The editors rely mainly upon manuscript material, and they hope to throw fresh light on the life and work not only of the leading figures of the century, but also upon not a few obscure writers who deserve to be remembered. Thus in the first volume, while much new matter will be given bearing on Shelley, Landor, Browning, Blake, Tennyson, and others, considerable space will be devoted to biographies and unpublished writings of Thomas Wade, Charles Wells, and R. H. Horne, not to speak of others. The volumes will be very handsomely got up, bound in buckram with a special design, and printed on a specially made paper by Messrs. Clay. They will contain many new portraits and facsimiles. Only a thousand copies are to be printed, and a guarantee is given that no reprint will be undertaken, though the compilers reserve the right of issuing separate chapters. Two hundred and fifty of these have been bought for America, so that only seven hundred and fifty are available for sale in England. The book will be ready by the first of November.

The *Ludgate Monthly* has been bought by the *Black and White* Co. The first number issued under the new management will be that for October. A feature of the magazine under the new regime will be a serial story.

We also hear that at no distant date a serial story will appear in the pages of the *Strand Magazine.*

It is reported that *Black and White* has at last been developed into a "property," and that a dividend of 6 per cent. will be declared at the end of the next financial year.

Sir Walter Besant has recently returned to town. He has been spending his summer holidays at St. Margaret's Bay. He is at present busy writing the new novel which is to commence running early next year in the *Pall Mall Magazine.*

Mr. Rolf Boldrewood has recently completed and placed in the hands of his agents the MS. of a new novel, entitled "The Sealskin Cloak." This story is, we understand, the first of Mr. Boldrewood's to be published serially in this country.

Dr. Doyle, who seems to have now, on account of Mrs. Doyle's health, decided to permanently reside abroad, will pay a flying visit to England in the early part of October. He will bring with him the MS. of his new novel.

Mr. Bret Harte is at present spending a well-earned holiday in Switzerland. He has recently completed a new short story for the Christmas number of the *Queen.* It is entitled "Barker's Luck."

Mr. S. S. McClure, of *McClure's Magazine* and New York syndicate fame, has just gone home after paying a flying visit to London. It is said that he came over solely to see Mr. A. P. Watt, and that, having seen him, he went back without finding it necessary to make any purchases of serial matter in other quarters. Mr. McClure practically controls the supply of fiction and special articles to the newspaper press in the United States, and an idea of the magnitude of his dealings may be gathered from the fact that he recently had as many as thirty serial stories running in various parts of the United States practically at the same time.

His Excellency Slatin Pasha is at present staying in Vienna. He is busy correcting the proofs of the German edition of his new book, which will be published by Brockhaus of Leipzig. Slatin Pasha will probably return to Cairo in October, and will then be accompanied by Major Wingate. Major Wingate has translated the English

edition of Slatin's Experiences, and it was he who, in his capacity of chief of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army, took the steps which led to the rescue of Slatin from Omdurman.

"Last Poems" will be a small volume of some forty-seven pages, printed on one side only, and containing all the unpublished verses left by the late Mr. Lowell, which, in the opinion of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, were intended to be preserved.

We hear that Mr. Guy Boothby is to be married in the early part of next month. Mr. Gilbert Parker will be married about the same time in America. The future Mrs. Parker is said to be one of the most charming of our American cousins.

It has been arranged that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives" will first appear as a serial in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It will probably commence about October next year. It will afterwards be published in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The other complete story which Mr. Stevenson left, entitled "Weir of Hermiston," will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and both stories will at a later date be issued as supplemental volumes of "The Edinburgh Edition."

Mr. George Saintsbury has selected and arranged "Letters from Sir Charles Grandison," to form a connected narrative. The book will be published by Mr. George Allen in two volumes, at six shillings each. Mr. Saintsbury may be disposed to try his hand at "Clarissa Harlowe," an abridgment of which was done many years ago by the late Mr. E. S. Dallas. The same publisher announces no fewer than three new books from Mr. Augustus Hare, "North-Western France," "The Gurneys of Earlham," and "Biographical Sketches." Mr. Hare's Autobiography, which we announced some time ago, is apparently not to come out this season.

That admirable writer, Alma Strettell, is co-operating with the Queen of Roumania in a book to be entitled "Legends from River and Mountain." Miss Emily J. Harding has translated from the French of Chodsko a volume of Slav tales. Both books will be published by Mr. George Allen.

A volume of posthumous poems by the Hon. Roden Noel will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, with an introduction by Stanley Addleshawe.

Mr. Mathews will also publish a new book by Mr. W. B. Yeats, to be entitled "A Wind among the Reeds." Mr. Mathews' new series of shilling volumes of poetry will start well with a volume by Mr. Robert Bridges.

Mr. H. C. Beeching has collected a volume of Christmas poems, many of them by modern authors. We understand that a similar collection will be published in November from another hand. Messrs. Methuen are Mr. Beeching's publishers.

The Rev. E. C. Gibson, the new Vicar of Leeds, has been writing a Treatise on the Thirty-nine Articles. It will be in two volumes, and the first will be published during the coming season by Messrs. Methuen.

We understand that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's Vailima letters are to be published by Messrs. Methuen shortly, giving a particularly full account of his literary work. They show how conscientiously and diligently he laboured, and how depressing he often found his work to be. He drudged over it, and had usually the utmost misgivings as to the quality of what he accomplished. Considerable light is thrown on the partnership between him and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. "The Wrong Box" turns out to be practically Mr. Osbourne's work. It was written by him in full, and revised by Mr. Stevenson. On the other hand, "The Ebb Tide" was practically by Mr. Stevenson himself, and he was disposed to think very well of it. There are few references in the book to contemporary writers, but to some of these, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Stevenson was in the habit of writing frequently and at great length, and it need hardly be said that his letters have been carefully preserved.

The title of Mr. Anthony Hope's new story, which will appear in the *Idler*, and has been purchased by the McClure Syndicate for America, is "Phrozo." It is a story of a Greek princess. An Englishman buys a Greek island, and gets into trouble with the natives. He is rescued by the princess, and the incidents are said to be frequent and astonishing in the highest degree. In fact, experienced editors have pronounced it the best serial story they have read.

To the Chandos Classics is to be added a reprint of Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters, three volumes. A complete and convenient edition of this entertaining work, with full notes, is a real desideratum.

Among other more important publications announced by Messrs. Warne are a new children's book by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress"; "Lancashire Idylls," by Mr. J. Marshall Mather, reprinted from the *Family Circle*; "The Carbuncle Clue," by Fergus Hume, reprinted from *Tit-Bits*; and "The Heart of Man," by Silas K. Hocking, reprinted from the *Christian World*.

Professor Prothero is writing a memoir of the late Sir J. R. Seeley.

The Cambridge Press will publish two books on the Pastoral Epistles, one by Dr. J. H. Bernard, of Dublin, the other by the Rev. A. E. Humphreys, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Swete, of Cambridge, is preparing an introduction to the Septuagint for the use of students. Such a book is much needed.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's new historical romance, "The Red Cockade," which has been running in *To-day*, will be published by Messrs. Longmans on December 1st. Amongst other interesting biographies announced by Messrs. Longmans are "The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," by Wilfred Ward; "Life of Sir Andrew Clark," by Canon MacColl, with an introduction by Mr. Gladstone; "The Life of Ford Madox Brown," by F. M. Hueffer; and "The Life of Professor Romanes," by his wife. The "Life of Sir Andrew Clark" will probably not be published for some time.

Dr. Martineau has written a memorial preface for a posthumous volume of sermons by the late Rev. J. Hamilton Thom, to be published by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Sala's Cookery Book will be published by Messrs. Cassell at the price of twenty-one shillings. A third edition of his Life and Adventures is announced. We regret to hear that Mr. Sala is very seriously ill, and is for the most part unconscious.

"Q's" new volume of short stories, to be published by Messrs. Cassell, is entitled "Wandering Heath."

The chief books in Messrs. Macmillan's announcement are Matthew Arnold's Letters, and Poems by Christina Rossetti. There are, besides, many books of importance, including Mr. Pater's "Miscellaneous Studies," "A History of Nineteenth Century Literature," by Mr. Saintsbury, a new volume of sermons by the late Dean Church, the "Life of Cardinal Manning," and new editions of Tennyson, Kingsley, and Matthew Arnold. Messrs. Macmillan's novels are to be all published at six shillings, with the exception of Mr. Marion Crawford's strong story, "Casa Braccio," which will appear in two volumes at twelve shillings.

Messrs. Macmillan announce a series entitled "The Modern Reader's Bible," edited by Dr. R. G. Moulton, who is Professor of English Literature at the University of Chicago. The idea is to get the Bible read as part of the world's literature, without reference to questions of religious or historic criticism. Thus the division into chapters and verses is ignored. The arrangement of the printed page is modern, and titles are given professing to explain what the books are. These appear to be very curious; for instance, the Book of Job is called "A Dramatic Poem in which are embodied varying solutions of the mystery of life." Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon are entitled "A series of connected writings embodying from different standpoints a solution of the whole mystery of life." The distinction thus drawn between the mystery of life and the whole mystery of life is a fine one. The editor, Dr. Moulton, has adopted the revised text, and he is to write an introduction to each of the volumes. We believe that such books, to be really successful and useful, ought to be specially translated by eminent scholars, and also prefaced by them.

As usual, Messrs. Bell announce some very important art works, the chief probably being Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's critical study of the art of Velasquez. Mr. Wedmore has prepared a volume on the art of Etching in England, and Mr. C. T. J. Hiatt has written a handbook on Picture Posters. Mr. Joseph Pennell has written a little volume on Modern Book Illustrations. His views are pretty well known from his articles in the *Daily Chronicle*, and his "A. U." contributions to the *Star*. There is to be a new illustrated edition of Miss Procter's "Legends and Lyrics," with some additional poems not hitherto included.

Dr. Richard Garnett is preparing a study of Blake, which Messrs. Seeley will publish this month.

An American firm whose name is new to us, Messrs. R. F. Fenns and Co., have published a story purporting to be by Mr. Crockett and entitled "A Galloway Herd." We fancy it is a reprint from a newspaper of an early work by Mr. Crockett. Mr. Barrie has been served in the same way repeatedly by American publishers, but fortunately the sale for such productions does not seem to be very large.

Most of the publishers have now abandoned the old three-volume system. Messrs. Smith and Son and Mr. Mudie are determined in their opposition, and it is understood that they have found the new *régime* much more profitable than the old. Neither of the great libraries subscribed for a single copy of a three-volume novel just published by one of the most successful authoresses

"Owd Lads," the story in *Blackwood's* for October, by Miss M. E. Francis, author of "The Story of Dan" and "In a North-Country Village," is one of several short stories by the same writer which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish in a volume this autumn.

"The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain" is the title of a volume by Captain Montagu Burrows, announced by Messrs. Blackwood for the autumn. The intention of the book is to present an account of our relations with our neighbours from the Norman Conquest to the present day, and to show that, excepting in one period, a continuous principle has guided British foreign policy. The same publishers have in the press "Chapters in an Adventurous Life: Sir Richard Church in Italy and Greece," by E. M. Church. Some seventy years ago General Church was commissioned by King Ferdinand of Naples to put down and destroy the secret societies which infested the province of Apulia. The forthcoming volume draws upon the curious records of his experience with the most remarkable brigand chiefs which the English officer left behind him.

"Some Memories of Paris," by F. Adolphus, which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish this autumn, comprises several papers which have appeared in "Maga" recently. One of the most interesting chapters of the book will be the account of the author's various experiences during the Commune with his intimate friend and companion, Laurence Oliphant, to whose "Episodes in a Life of Adventure" it will make a valuable addition.

Next month will see a beginning made of Messrs. Blackwoods' series of "County Histories of Scotland." There will be sixteen volumes in all, several of the counties being grouped together; and there will be an ordinary edition, and a large paper edition limited to 100 copies. Dr. John Skelton is to write on Berwick and Haddington, Mr. P. Hume Brown, whose Life of Knox is being eagerly looked for, on Edinburgh and Linlithgow, Sir James D. Marwick on Lanark, Mr. D. Hay Fleming on Stirling and Dumbarton, Sheriff Æneas Mackay on Fife and Kinross, the Rev. James Cameron Lees on Inverness; and all the other volumes have been provided for with the exception of two,—those on Argyle and the Isles, and on Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, and Cromarty. As an introduction to the "County Histories" series, or a companion to any of the volumes, Messrs. Blackwood will publish a volume on "Prehistoric Scotland," by Dr. Robert Munro, whose "Bosnia and Herzegovina" also is announced by the same firm for the autumn.

Messrs. Blackwoods' announcements in fiction include a new novel by Dorothea Gerard, entitled "The Wrong Man," and "The 'X' Jewel: A Scottish Romance of the Days of James VI.," by the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff;

also a one-volume novel, by a new writer, entitled "The Lost Stradivarius."

A striking instance of durability in a local reputation is afforded by the unveiling last month of two memorials to the poet Leyden, who died in 1811. These memorials consist of a tablet affixed to the cottage at Denholm, in Roxburghshire, where the poet was born, and of an obelisk erected at Henlawshiel in the neighbourhood, on the site of the dwelling where his early years were spent. To literary students generally, Leyden's name is known only as that of the contributor of some modern ballads to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." But in his native district his memory is cherished, on account of his authorship of "The Scenes of Infancy," an elaborate poem mainly descriptive of the scenery of the surrounding country. In fact, what Carrington attempted to do for Dartmoor and the Tamar, Leyden may be said to have done for Teviotdale. Possibly one's admiration of the verse of the "Scenes" may be somewhat lukewarm, but one cannot withhold a warm admiration for the character of its author, who presents a brilliant example of rare intellectual power and energy in the Scottish peasant, of the triumph over difficulties, and of heroic constancy persevering to the end.

We hear that Mr. Francis Hindes Groome's "Two Suffolk Friends" is nearly out of print already.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press the first of two volumes by J. Logie Robertson, on "English Verse for Junior Classes," a series of the most popular English verse texts, representing all the great poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. The first volume brings the work down to Cowper.

"Schopenhauer's System in its Philosophical Significance," the Shaw Fellowship Lectures, 1893, by William Caldwell, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood shortly.

"The Saviour in the Newer Light: A Present-Day Study of Jesus Christ," is the title of a volume by Rev. A. Robinson, of Kilmun, which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish.

Dr. Charles Blatherwick, who died the other week, was one of the brightest and most engaging figures in the West of Scotland. A man of exceptional versatility, he achieved considerable distinction (and with concentration of effort he might have reached unqualified excellence) as artist, novelist, and musician, while he was gifted with positive genius for the duties and graces of social life. Artistic and literary Glasgow owed much to his genial energy and his stimulative hopefulness and vivacity. Few of the public utterances at the Art Club were wiser or wittier than his, and his sparkle and sanity were strikingly associated with a strain of mysticism and ideality. In private he was the staunchest and warmest of friends, a friend whom it was impossible to bore and whose sympathy was inexhaustible.

His duties as a Government Inspector practically precluded him from medical practice, but he never abandoned his profession, and his attention was specially devoted to obscure mental diseases. His story "Cynthia," published in 1892, was the result of his observations in psychical pathology. "In the Shade of Schehallion," which was written earlier, is more in the beaten way of fiction. Probably his most successful essay in this direction, however, was "The Personal Recollections of Peter Stonnor, Esq.," which was originally issued in *Good Words* about a dozen years ago, and which on its appearance in book-form was dedicated to Lord Dufferin "in memory of many happy days at Clandeboye."

In this connection it may be of interest to note that in 1862 Dr. Blatherwick was living in Highgate, and Mary Howitt in one of her letters records how "we spent recently a very pleasant evening at Dr. Blatherwick's, with our neighbours, Lord and Lady Dufferin. You know who they are; He is one of the Queen's equerries, and a great favourite at Court; and she—his mother—is the sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton and the Duchess of Somerset, who was the Queen of Love and Beauty at the Eglinton tournament." The letter describes a very delightful evening, and concludes with a reference to the mutual affection and admiration of the Earl and his mother, and to the building of "Helen's Tower" at Clandeboye. The present writer is under the impression that Dr. Blatherwick was living those "many happy days" at Clandeboye when Tennyson wrote the inscription beginning—

> "Helen's Tower, here I stand,
> Dominant over sea and land.
> Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love in letter'd gold."

The Rev. A. R. Buckland has just finished "Women Workers in the Mission Field," a companion volume to his "Heroic in Missions" (Isbister and Co., Ld.). The book deals with the growth of women's work abroad, and contains chapters on Mrs. Bowen Thompson, Charlotte Tucker, and recent martyrs at Ku-cheng.

In the course of the month Isbister and Co., Ld., will publish Sir Robert Ball's "Great Astronomers," a copiously illustrated volume, which traces, in biographical form and with the author's well-known vivacity and picturesqueness, the progress of astronomy from the days of Ptolemy to our own times.

Eighteen months ago the late Precentor Venables began a history of the most famous of the episcopal residences in England. The project was not completed at his death, but the missing chapters have been supplied by Canon Church, Dr. Sparrow Simpson, the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, and the Rev. A. R. Maddison, and the work, which is entitled "Episcopal Palaces of England," will be ready in a few days. It is lavishly illustrated by Mr. Alexander Ansted, who has given in the frontispiece a fine etching of Lambeth Palace and the Thames.

The latest addition to Mr. Wise's "Ashley Library of Privately-printed Books" is a series of letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A., Principal of Whiteland's College, Chelsea. The volumes contain some useful material, but one of the most interesting portions is the 'Appendix,' wherein is given a hitherto unprinted address by Mr. Ruskin. This address was delivered at the annual meeting of the Arundel Society, on June 22nd, 1882.

Mr. Holman's "Introduction to Education" is rapidly approaching completion, and will probably be published about the end of October. The author's purpose is to provide a work which shall present a wide and systematic outline of the art and science of education sufficient for the needs of students preparing for the various pedagogical examinations. The volume will contain the mature results of Mr. Holman's wide experience as a teacher, a professor of education, and an inspector of schools.

We understand that the first edition of Mr. Crockett's "Men of the Moss Hags," which consisted of 20,000 copies, has already been disposed of, and a new edition is in active preparation.

Those who have read Mr. Percy White's new story "Corruption," to be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann, predict for it a striking success.

One of the most popular of recent books has been Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "Some Old Love Stories." It is still in constant demand.

The business of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, under the energetic direction of Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, shows manifest signs of improvement.

Among the announcements of Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, are Lancelot Andrewes and his Private Devotions: a Biography, a Text, and an Interpretation, by Dr. Alexander Whyte; new novels by Adeline Sergeant, Caldwell Stewart, Evelyn Everett-Green, and Maggie Swan; new books for children, including "Science Talks to Young Thinkers," by the Rev. A. Farquhar, D.D.; "Three Fishing Boats, and other Talks to Children," by the Rev. J. C. Lambert, B.D.; new editions of various works, Pollok's "Tales of the Covenanters," and Annie S. Swan's books, "The Gates of Eden" and "A Lost Ideal."

Messrs. James Clarke and Co. will publish Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' new novel, "A Singular Life," early next month.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty" will not be published this year. It will, as at present arranged, be published in the early spring. Messrs. Methuen will issue it.

## MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

AUGUST 19 to SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

After the usual quiet time, the reassembling of the schools brings in the improvement of trade, and there are not lacking signs of still better times. The attention directed to education during the last twenty-five years has resulted in the sale of enormous quantities of books, principally, however, of small values. It is to be feared that the total expenditure in educational literature does not show a corresponding increase.

The number of new books announced for publication bids fair to eclipse all previous years. Competent judges, whose opinion must be respected, state that an improved trade is in store for the retail booksellers. The latter unite as one man in hoping that they are not mistaken.

"Trilby" is still selling freely, and establishing a record of its own. It appeared at a time when a good demand for a 6s. book was very acceptable indeed.

The issue of "The Woman who Did" has called forth a number of what may be regarded as "replies," such as "The Woman who Wouldn't" and "The Woman who Didn't." There has been, and still is, considerable enquiry for the former of these.

So great has been the sale of "The Times" Atlas, that the orders received have only just been completed.

A good demand for such a work as Robinson's "English Flower Garden" will show the increasing interest in floriculture. This work may be regarded as the leading general treatise on the subject, and other publications of the kind have been in greater demand than ever.

New books are being delivered in large numbers. One shudders to think what the aggregate will be for the autumn season. The worst feature is that the total value does not increase proportionately with the numbers, the books merely competing with each other.

The leading school-books show no signs of decreased circulation, so far as can be judged in the wholesale trade. The life of a school-book, once accepted as a standard work, is a long one, and its death is usually very sudden. To this latter fact, the shelves of every retail bookseller bear unanswerable evidence.

In active demand are:—

Meiklejohn's History, Geography, and Grammar.
Hamblin Smith's Algebra and Arithmetic.
Todhunter's Euclid.
Chardenal's French Courses.
Smith's Principia Latina, etc.
" Initia Graeca, etc.
Otto's German Grammar.

Appended is a list of the leading publications of the moment. Six-shilling novels are by no means wanting; in fact, they still form an important item. Novels at 3s. 6d. have not supplanted the higher-priced ones, as publishers state that the leading authors cannot be produced at the price.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. Weyman. 6s.
Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
My Lady Nobody. By M. Maartens. 6s.
The Adventures of Capt. Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s.
The Return of the Native. By T. Hardy. 6s.
All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.
The Lovely Malincourt. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Wouldn't. By Lucas Cleeve. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Didn't. By Victoria Crosse. 3s. 6d. net.
The Carbonnels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
Clarence. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d.
Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
Nelson. By J. K. Laughton. 2s. 6d.
The English Flower Garden. By W. Robinson. 15s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Aug. 24, 1895.—Home business very quiet. Foreign and colonial a little more active.
" 31, " —School orders improve the home trade. Colonial and foreign normal.
Sept. 7, " —A better week on the whole both home and export.
" 14, " —Improvement maintained in all departments.
" 21, " —A busy week in the home department for the time of the year. Foreign and colonial quieter.

## POETRY.

### A SONG OF THE ROSY-CROSS.

He who measures gain and loss,
When he gave to thee the Rose,
Gave to me alone the Cross;
Where the blood-red blossom blows
In a wood of dew and moss,
There thy wandering pathway goes,
Mine where waters brood and toss;
Yet one joy have I, hid close,
He who measures gain and loss,
When he gave to thee the Rose,
Gave to me alone the Cross.

W. B. Yeats.

## NOTES FROM PARIS.

THAT the pen is mightier than the sword is a fact generally admitted. It now appears that there is something mightier than the pen—and that is the bicycle. It further appears that the bicycling craze accounts for the "*crise du livre*," about which book-manufacturers and sellers of every kind, from the binder to the author, are so bitterly complaining in Paris. That this crisis exists is a matter of common knowledge, and though no doubt the bicycling mania has much to answer for, there are various other causes which are grievously affecting the book trade.

So many ladies now bicycle in France—one might better write, so few ladies do not now bicycle in France—that those who were formerly the best customers of the book-shops have now no time for reading. Some also prefer to save their money for the purchase of the newest "pneu," or towards the expenses of a tour, and the first expense that a woman cuts down is that of books; at least, so Parisian booksellers say. The bicycle is not, however, to blame entirely for the existing "slump." The authors have themselves largely to thank for the present state of things, which seems to indicate a tardy if effectual revolt against the kind of wares which the manufacturers of literature have for so many years past been forcing on the French public. Doubtless the introduction of sports, the spread of the fashion of taking abundant out-of-door exercise, and the consequent general elevation of tone, both physical and moral, have disgusted both men and women with the morbid and unhealthy rubbish which in their days of degeneration was their spiritual pabulum. One can emphatically say that this is an excellent sign.

Then again the *cabinet de lecture*, or lending library, has been extending in France, or rather, I should say it has of late been coming into favour once more, for, of course, the lending library is a French invention, and was at one time as popular in France as it now is in England. And the proprietors of the French *cabinets de lecture* are by no means men of such enterprise as are the proprietors of similar establishments in London. At least, I never heard of even one dozen copies of any new book being ordered by any French *cabinet de lecture*. In England from five hundred to one thousand copies of a work by a popular author are often subscribed for by each of the big libraries. The *directeur* of a French lending library would faint at the bare idea of such an investment.

Then there are the newspapers, which in France, far more than in England, compete with books. Not only do all the dailies publish serial stories—some papers even publish two or three serial stories simultaneously—but many of them, such as *Le Journal*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Gil Blas*, publish daily from one to three short stories by the best writers. Then there are the literary supplements of the daily papers. Most of these are published once a week, as the supplements of *Le Figaro*, the *Gil Blas*, the *Echo de Paris* and the *Journal*, but others are published bi- or tri-weekly, as the supplement of *La Lanterne*. These supplements supply literature, pure or impure, in abundance, at a price against which it is impossible for the publisher of books to compete. It is true that of late most of the matter, both literary and pictorial, given in these supplements, has been of a very unhealthy kind—in the case of the tri-weekly supplement of *La Lanterne* it has been garbage pure and simple—and that possibly the reaction to which I have alluded has made itself felt here also; but, on the other hand, such supplements as those issued weekly by the proprietors of the *Petit Journal*, the *Intransigeant*, and the *Petit Parisien* newspapers, contain nothing but what is pure and wholesome, and, no doubt, the competition of these periodicals greatly affects the book-publishers.

Monsieur Albert Céne, in a very interesting article in the *Revue Encyclopèdique*, gives another reason for the existing crisis. He blames the publishers themselves, who, he says, inundate the market with their remnants, or "nightingales," as the French slang has it, and mentions that one publishing house alone emptied out on to Paris several hundred thousand volumes at any price they would fetch, merely to clear their warehouses. In England these nightingales usually take wing to the butterman or the waste-paper dealer. In France, remnants go to special dealers at prices which enable these to retail a 3 franc 50 c. book at fourpence or fivepence, to the evident detriment of the latest novelty. I know several gentlemen in Paris—and every visitor to the French capital must have seen them at one time or another—who make a very good living by hawking these nightingales round the cafés. Who, seated, for instance, on the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix, has not seen a venerable old man, with a long white beard, and a great pile of books in his arms, who shouts as he offers these for sale, "The ruin of the publishers! The downfall of the authors! At fourpence each. I sell them at fourpence each"? Many of these books are by well-known writers, these particular works not having "caught on" for some reason or other, or having been printed in excess of the demand for them. The venerable old gentleman in question once told me, over an absinthe, that on an average he earned twenty francs a day, "which," he cynically added, "is more than many of you men of letters earn." And he was quite right.

A curious work—curious because of the manner in which it was produced—is to be published in London in a few

days. It is an historical romance, or rather, a romance of history. It was originally published in French, under the name of its American author, who certainly does not know French well enough to write such a book—indeed, it was a matter of common knowledge that the book was written for the American "author" by two French men of letters. It was subsequently translated by an English hack into English, and is now to be published in England as the original work of the American in question. The price paid for the translation was less than 1cs. the thousand words, and the stipulation made with the translator was that his name should not appear in connection with the work.

Emile Zola's "Rome" will not be ready till the spring of next year, though it will previously appear in serial form in *Le Journal*. Zola, however, always advises his friends in confidence not to read his stories in their serial form, as he always makes many alterations, emendations, and additions before they appear in volumes. It is the same with Hall Caine, who labours hard over his proofs of the book, though little, if at all, over the newspaper proofs.

Hall Caine, by the way, next to Mrs. Humphry Ward, has secured the record prices for serial rights in connection with the book which he is now preparing. For the English serial rights he will receive £1,500, from America he will receive at the rate of three cents. a word, and fees from other sources will bring the total amount realised by the serial rights of this new novel up to close upon £3,000. This is even better than the prices which Emile Zola commands.

Albert Savine will publish a volume this season which will delight the lovers of Stendhal. It is a new edition of his remarkable "Nouvelles Italiennes," which contain much of his best work. M. Paul Adam has written a curious preface to this book, and this should be very interesting reading, as Adam is one of Stendhal's spiritual children, and his style is a very fair imitation of Beyle's style, one of the best imitations of the many imitations which Stendhal's successors have attempted. It is not a style which I greatly admire, greatly as I admire Stendhal; its aridity being too pronounced, and the general flavour one of affectation. Beyle used to say that he always wrote with the Code Napoléon open before him, modelling his phrases on those in that curtest of codes. Paul Adam, by the way, who now holds a very enviable position in contemporary French literature, first attracted attention to himself—he was then only twenty years old—with a novel, "Chaire Nue" (the title explains much), which landed him in the Assize Court. In France, however, that sort of advertisement often helps an author.

Another book which M. Albert Savine will publish shortly is J. Rosny's new novel. One hopes that the two brothers who write as "J.-H. Rosny" may at last score a popular success. They have had great literary success, but not the other kind, and they have suffered more misery and hardship than any writers that I have ever heard of.

Paul Bourget is in Scotland correcting the last proofs of his new novel, "L'Idylle Tragique," which will shortly be published by Lemerre, and is being eagerly looked forward to by Bourget's special *clientèle* of ladies and lady's men. Another work in M. Lemerre's list for the autumn season, which will appeal to a larger public, is the "Souvenirs de Jeunesse et Impressions d'Art" of that great painter, M. Jules Breton. The ladies will also be catered for by Marcel Prevost's "Lettres de Femmes," illustrated by Gerbault, a new edition, and by his new novel, "Le Jardin Secret." These are two works of which I shall watch the reception with interest, as indicative of the extent of the reaction against the literature of degeneration to which I have alluded.

The coming season will also see the publication of H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale's great work, "L'Histoire des Princes de Condé," for which some of us would gladly give all the novels ever written. Of a historical nature—the last manifestations of the Napoleonic craze—are also Maréchal Davout's "Journal de la Campagne de Prusse, 1806-1807"—which should help to soothe the irritation of the French at recent manifestations in Germany—and the "Letters of the Duchess de Broglie," edited by the Duc de Broglie. All these works will be published by Messrs. Calmann Lévy, whose list also contains Gounod's "Memoires d'Un Artiste," and a new story by Pierre Loti, entitled "La Galilée." Lovers of Gounod's music will read with interest his account of the first performance of "Faust," which was hissed off the stage on that occasion. Massenet, the composer, who was playing in the orchestra at the time, has often told me of this memorable performance, and of his great indignation with the public. "I wanted to jump out into the stalls," he says, "and smash my trombone over their thick heads."

Jeanniot, the artist, has illustrated a complete edition of Paul Deroulède's "Poesies Militaires," which will shortly be published by Calmann Lévy. Octave Feuillet has prepared a second volume of his "Souvenirs Personnels." The first volume was a great success.

Robert H. Sherard.

## NEW WRITERS.

### MARY GAUNT.

THE author of "Dave's Sweetheart" and of "The Moving Finger" is a young Australian, one of the not very many Australians who have the fortunate knack of interesting English readers in their country through the medium of fiction.

MARY GAUNT.
*Photo by Vandyck, Melbourne.*

She is the daughter of one of the Australian county-court judges, but when some years ago she began writing, her father was practising his profession as a barrister in Ballarat. Her youthful days were mostly spent in envying one or other of her brothers. There seemed so much for them to do in the world, and there seemed so little for herself. If dances and picnics and domestic duties were going to be the end of her life, it was going to be a very dull one, she thought. Then one day she confided her discontent to Professor Morris, professor of languages and literature at the Melbourne University, and much to her surprise, instead of preaching to her of all the contented women who had gone before, he asked why she didn't try to write, not novels, but reviews, and newspaper work generally. He sent her

James Payn's "Some Private Views," in which was marked "The Literary Calling and its Future." She read it carefully, and determined to try her hand forthwith. Afterwards Mr. Payn recanted publicly. She read his recantation, and was sorry; but her fate was sealed. She considers that Mr. James Payn is responsible for her taking to literature.

The beginning was difficult, as she had not been used to writing. But one of her numerous brothers had just been up to New Guinea, and New Guinea was filling a great deal of colonial thoughts just then. Him she pumped carefully, and sent the result to the *Age*, which not only published the article, but sent £5 5s. for it. Then came a short story about a man who was lost in the bush. Again she was lucky, and it appeared in the *Sydney Mail*. She wrote with great industry, mostly stories. But plenty of disappointments followed. Miss Gaunt believes there is not a paper in the Colonies she has not offered MSS. to, and her rejections were frequent. Professor Morris gave her some descriptive work to do for a large publisher, and was her valuable critic and editor for some time; but she had had a year of experiments before that.

Her first real success was when a sailor brother, a rollicking lad of eighteen, came home from sea and entertained his family with stories, merry and pathetic, of an apprentice's life at sea. The sister wrote the yarns down just as he told them, and sent them to the *Argus*, signing them "The Captain of the Maintop Starboard," which was his rank on board the training ship *Worcester*. Those sketches were at once popular, and secured her a hearing. Longer stories followed in the *Australasian*, and on a visit to England she was lucky enough to get several taken by the *English Illustrated*. On her return to Australia she set to work to write a novel, with the ambition that it should be the novel in *Lippincott's*. It was not the novel in *Lippincott's*, but it was "Dave's Sweetheart," a story whose power was immediately recognised on its production by Mr. Edward Arnold. Last year Miss Gaunt, "for good and sufficient reasons," changed her name to Miller. But she means to continue her literary career. Indeed, her latest novel, just published by Messrs. Methuen, shows an increase of strength and vitality.

## THE READER.

### LIVING CRITICS.

#### I.—William Ernest Henley.

To appraise a living writer is at all times a difficult task. His proximity is disconcerting, and the very rheums and humours of the age which has fathered him must necessarily obsess the presuming critic. We should attain a little perspective ere we aspire to judgment; and, even so, remoteness argues merely a dispassionate desire of fair-play, and is no warranty for a sure opinion. The incongruity doubles when one sets forth to criticise a critic, and to reverse or endorse his authoritative verdicts. Mr. Henley, in particular, is no person for this impertinence. Though it is as a poet he has the highest claim upon us now, and as a poet he will take rank hereafter, yet he has certainly made a deeper mark upon his generation as a critic than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Lang, who once reigned paramount, has long since discarded his influence, and there is none left to dispute Mr. Henley's royalty. To few did name and fame come more reluctantly. It was not, indeed, until the foundation of the *Scots Observer* that he held any repute except among a handful; and even at the present moment his name sounds unfamiliar in the ears of the wide public. Yet he is beyond question the most formidable presence in English letters to-day. I am not here dealing with him as a poet, but merely as a critic of literature. As such, it is not too much to say that his authority has slowly undermined the prestige of the middle Victorian ideals. In a sense he is the foundation of a new period. That these words are none too extravagant is proved by his present position as the arbiter of a distinct school of fiction. For one who is no novelist himself this is a considerable performance, quite apart from the merits of his influence; and certainly the achievement gives him a right to very serious consideration. By a number of young writers he is regarded with the affection and reverence a high priest might claim. He has ordered for them their notions of art, he has disciplined their energies, and he has even been able to impose upon them frequently the mannerisms of his own prose style. But the limits of his influence are not set even here. His ideals, his aspirations, and his code have penetrated elsewhere, and, if we consider gravely, are even now leavening the body of literary thought outside his immediate circle. The history of a movement is never the history of one man; but as it is Mr. Henley who has borne the brunt of the battle, and who has directed the strategies, it is to him that the credit of the revolution is largely due. Historians will some day find the present period of English literature of remarkable interest, not so much for its products, as for the conversion which has fallen within the last twenty years. The theory which is known as "Art for Art's sake" has been long preached to deaf ears, but the ears are opening, and in whatever regard it is held by lay minds, there seems little doubt but it will inspire and persuade the writers of the future. The great service which we owe to Mr. Henley is his very faithful adherence to this creed. He has consistently fought and suffered for it. He has spread the propaganda through every available channel, has trumpeted defiance at his opponents, and has been, of a truth, the veritable protagonist of this cause.

In this conflict two mental properties have served him—the one an absolute, even an arrogant faith, and the other a reckless courage. These, more than any other characteristics, as I conceive, compose the man's individuality. With this individuality he has been able to fling his influence over the young men with whom he came in contact, whether personally or through his critical writings. They browsed in the rank pastures of the old *Scots Observer*, and came fat and full to the market. They took colour from his phrases, and he pounded into them righteous views upon literature, by which alone they might be saved. There are few backsliders in the faith even after these several years, and a heresy-hunt among them would be fruitless. For the insistence of the man is intense, even in his writings, which might well have suffered from the dispassion of cold print. If

you would estimate his qualities as a critic, this fever of conviction must first be remembered. As I read him, his spiritual equipment for the task is both elaborate and singular. Soaked to his marrow in the literatures of the modern world — English, French, Spanish, to say no more — he has rather absorbed them than they have engrossed him. Outside and above this gluttonous digestion is something, wholly native to himself, in a manner insular, as distinct from mere Gallomania as Mr. Swinburne is from De Musset or Burns from Beranger—something paramount and specific, the actual and individual essence of the man himself. In all his critical writings you may trace this almost barbaric effrontery, this baresark arrogance of personality. Mr. Henley is a stark man in all his professions, and starkest of all is he in his abundant passion for life. It is this which separates him by a whole class from the other critics of his time. They sound, if I may say so, niminy-piminy beside his stout voice. Not but what they have principles and creeds and dogmas to hold by, but these are less manifest, are not so frankly embraced, and derive from later ascendants. The combination of so primary a religion with such remarkable powers of mind is striking enough to arrest attention. The force and the sheer strength in Mr. Kipling I take to have captured Mr. Henley's sympathies on the one hand; while it is perhaps most of all the extreme artistic address which Mr. Stevenson brought to his work which attracted his collaborator in another instance. Finally, and to add a further incongruity, his appreciation is extended to work which is merely fantastic and insubstantial, oftentimes the wildest imaginings of the Keltic mind. On the other hand, and to round this inadequate picture as well as may be, such work as Mr. Howells and his fellows expend their lives upon, is wholly antipathetic to him, as a dozen articles may witness. It is the accidents of passion, the natural phenomena of an unrestrained life—whether in act or emotion—that draw him. For weakness he has no mercy; an old maid's version of life is to him for a jest; a translation of human energy into the mild byeways and stagnant currents he can scarcely credit. Herein, as it seems to me, lies perhaps his great defect. His own theory is so tenaciously held, so vehemently defended, and so aggressively obtruded, that he has no room to offer further hospitality. But at the same time it must be remembered that that theory is peculiarly wide and generous. The egoism of his faith may be staunch and even bigoted, but that faith is quite catholic. Metaphors and similes make but a cumbrous comparison; yet in a certain way Mr. Henley's critical insight recalls the flare of an electric light. There are queer patches of blackness outside the path of the illumination, passages of darkness along the angles; but within these confines the white light cuts its way rudely, sharply, and with pitiless severity. Along the sphere of the irradiation the white flare is merciless in its scrutiny; every fault and flaw is picked out as by magic, every virtue is assigned its value. For sheer illumination of insight within these broad boundaries Mr. Henley, so far as I know, has no peer alive. It is true that the strong hold he has upon his primary instincts sometimes deranges the proportion of his judgments—as when, for example, he is unjust to Thackeray for being too little of a man and too fond of tea-party fiction; but, contrariwise, his appreciations are the surer and the more generous when they are bestowed.

*From a Photograph by* [*Mr. F. Hollyer.*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

With this strong devotion to the literature of fundamental human nature go also other predilections, hardly less strong. He loves gaiety, he is enamoured of a paradox, and he will forgive a great deal for nervous, strenuous English. These prepossessions are exhibited in his own prose style. Just as he bears too hardly upon the foibles of Thackeray, so, too, he exalts Disraeli, the novelist, considerably above his proper place. The reason is obvious. He loves a trickster; the picaresque amuses him; and the gaiety, the insolence, the *bonhomie* of that Oriental mind touches him to tenderness. So much so that he can even pardon Disraeli's terrible English, passing it over with a sardonic grimace. And this very human railty, this friendly indulgence for the personality of the writer rather

than a ruthless judgment upon his writing, is perhaps another small flaw in Mr. Henley, the critic. But again the gaiety, the fierce intellectual zest which may lead him into such an error, amply compensates by sharper and broader discriminations elsewhere. The lapses, in fine, are trivial, the performance as a whole is remarkable. I know few things as fine in modern critical writing as a score of passages which I might pick out of "Views and Re-views," those fragments "recovered from the shot rubbish of some fourteen years of journalism." Here is no place for quotation, nor am I concerned, in this brief appreciation, with Mr. Henley's English style; but the mastery of words, the flow of thought, the wit, the ingenuity, the extraordinary insight, and the admirable knowledge displayed in that slender volume, are for remembrance always. And not the least notable of his characteristics is his extensive learning. I should judge that he never lost an impression, and it is certain that an author, once read, is ticketed and docketed, and relegated for ever to his position in Mr. Henley's mind. His memory is a literary dictionary in which he turns to the proper page on the instant, and if he errs at all the error is never one of fact, or even of inference, but rather of prejudice. The rampant assurance of his mind and his superb autocracy consist strangely with a perfect delicacy of detail. He has eyes for the rarest touch, and his fidelity is conscientiously scrupulous. There is no man to-day that has a better or a sounder love of letters; and there is no man to whom modern literature owes so huge a debt. For the most of critics write very pleasantly, and maybe very justly. We have many with us whose criticism is no more than ink and paper, very amiable to read. Mr. Henley's qualifications lie deeper. He has not only written; he has educated.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

## NEGLECTED BOOKS: APPEALS FOR RECONSIDERATION.

### I.—C. F. Keary's "A Wanderer."

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

AMONG comparatively recent books that have been neglected—undeservedly so, that is—is to be counted Mr. C. F. Keary's "A Wanderer," published in 1888. The writer chose for himself in this his first excursion into a region outside that of history or antiquarianism the pseudonym of H. Ogram Matuce which, I understand, is in some twisted way the Greek for a clerk. Thus the critics had no chance of recognising the author of a book on "Primitive Belief" and of another on "The Dawn of History," and the modest little volume in dull red cover was overlooked. But though he has since written a couple of clever novels, and is, I see, about to venture a third, he has, in my opinion, done nothing better than this first of his books that had any leaning towards fiction. There is a certain likeness to Heine in his cast of mind, still more perhaps to Jean Paul, and fiction, as we usually understand the word, "A Wanderer" can hardly be called. It is rather a series of connected impressions and "travel pictures," but so real are they, so vivid, and yet so restrained, that the reader has while he reads a strange sense of movement, of being carried forward, not physically only, but spiritually, as his companion takes him by the arm in a manner that is dreamy rather than familiar, and points out the landmarks by the way. They are landmarks of thought as well as of space, and such as those only with souls to understand are likely to take pause before and be thankful. Nominally the book is the account of a year's wandering in the life of an emancipated clerk; but as the writer himself says at the end, "A year may be an epitome of life; and one man's life of the life of all the race."

Almost everywhere the personal element is preserved, but it is never obtruded. The writer tells you of the books he carried with him as travelling companions, and how his own experiences fitted him to receive the lessons they had to give. This passage, for instance, both garners up the experiences of many months spent in walking through Germany, and serves as introduction to what he is going to say about Faust:—

"Markets: old women sitting round behind their fruit-baskets in the wide, paved market-place; or those stand-markets where the fisher-folk move about among their stalls, and country people expose their wares from barges in the water; barns, with open door behind, through which a patch of sunlight falls upon the heaped-up golden corn, and the dusky figures of the threshers stand out against it; people jogging to the town with their pigs and their fowls; or goose-boys and goose-girls driving their flocks into the stubble fields; men reaping or sowing; the light of a window shining through leaves: a world is in all these things. Sights such as these belong more to humanity as a whole—or seem to do so—than the sights I had been used to in my former life. Our country life even, with its gigs, its dogcarts and smart grooms, its stud horses come out for exercise, its shooting parties, is not so simple and human."

These sights, Mr. Keary says, formed for him a vision of life, and "it was only because my mind had been steeped therein that I could understand the poem [the second part of "Faust"], that I was reading.

Elsewhere he describes how the visions of Dante come upon you when you steal at twilight into some old cathedral. "Within was a lighted altar and deep shadows all round. Far away like a star shone a single lamp before the image of Our Lady." But it must not be supposed that there is any trace of rhetoric or straining after effect. The style is throughout singularly even and, if anything, rather too restrained.

Once he passes the boundary into pure fiction. This is in the story of a certain D—— a *raté*—one who all his life has been dreaming of future triumphs in literature and in life, and who sinks into his last sleep with the suppressed murmur of the world's applause ringing in his fancies.

"There was a murmur indeed not far from his ears. It was the murmur of the waves which had been creeping closer and closer as he sank deeper and deeper into the heavy opium sleep. Did they wish to hear what he was thinking about, or to let him know that all nature did not hold so much aloof from him as the world had done? They drew nearer and nearer; they kissed his hands and withered cheeks, and rippled in his hair. They lifted his hat from his head and passed it from one to another, yet gently withal, though it was but a poor napless thing; and then, with a sort of respectful impertinence they lifted up the lappets of his coat and peered into his pockets. And at last they passed over him altogether, and ran higher up the beach, until some larger waves came and lifted D—— up on their shoulders—and yet he never awoke.

"A bell began to toll from the distant village, sending faint echoes across the bay. More lights came out under the mountain, and a large planet rose from behind it and looked brightly over the water towards poor D——, whom the changeful tide, finding, I suppose, that the dreams and hopes and sorrows had gone clean out of him, left presently upon a ridge of sand, where twice a day it throws a multitude of other shells which it has unkindly torn from their quiet beds below."

These quotations alone would, I think, show that "A Wanderer" is a remarkable book, a book to be read and

thought over, to be kept and not borrowed. It is subtle and, above all, restful. Mr. Keary has evidently put much of his heart and soul into this record of days which, if they were not wholly happy, he would not for worlds forget. Professor Huxley who read the book by chance, without knowing who was its author, was so much struck by it that he referred to it again and again, and had some intention of reviewing it in the *Nineteenth Century*. But it was a busy time with him, and perhaps he did not come upon a quiet hour in which it occurred to him to do it: anyhow, "A Wanderer" found its way to his shelves, and to the shelves of a few others who were struck by it, and stayed there—neglected.

## IRISH NATIONAL LITERATURE.

### IV.—A List of the Best Irish Books.

LISTS of "the best hundred books" and the like are commonly among the most futile of things, for they would erect mere personal liking into a general law, forgetting that "the same law for the lion and the ox is oppression." In a literature like the Irish, however, which is not only new, but without recognised criticism, any list, no matter how personal, if it be not wholly foolish, is a good deed in a disordered world. The most that read Irish national literature read from patriotism and political enthusiasm, and make no distinction between literature and rhetoric. Allingham is but a name, while "The Spirit of the Nation" is on the counter of every country stationer; Carleton's great novel, "Fardorougha," has but now gone to its second edition, and his scarce less impressive "Black Prophet" is still out of print, while his formless and unjust "Valentine McClutchy" and his feeble "Willy Reilly" have gone to numberless editions; for this zealous public loves vehement assertion better than quiet beauty and partisan caricature better than a revelation of reality and peace. This public is of no disadvantage to Ireland, for it is mainly drawn from a class who read a worse literature elsewhere, while its enthusiasm has kept Irish literature alive for better fortune; but it has none the less persuaded some of our best writers to immense stupidities, as when it set Carleton writing stories now against intemperance, now against landlords, and it has created out of itself, besides, some few of genius, a multitude of bad writers who fare better than the best. It had done no permanent mischief were it not that our educated classes are themselves full of a different, but none the less noisy, political passion, and are, with some admirable exceptions, too anti-Irish to read an Irish book of any kind, other than a book of jokes or partisan argument.

The professor of literature at Trinity College, Dublin, is one of the most placid, industrious, and intelligent of contemporary critics when he writes on an English or a German subject, but the "introduction" to his last book of essays is a perfect example of this prejudice. It was written twelve years ago, when scarcely a writer, prominent in Irish literature in our time, was before the public, and at a moment of political excitement, and accused Irish writers with great heat of "raving of Brian Beru," of "plastering" themselves "with shamrocks," and of having neither "scholarship" nor "accuracy," and is reprinted to-day with nothing changed, except that the words, "Irish Literary Movement," are inserted here and there to make it apply to Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Graves, Dr. Hyde, Mr. Larminie, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. King, Mr. O'Grady, Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Barlow, and Miss Lawless, writers of whom some are not less eminent than Prof. Dowden himself. I quote this criticism not because I have any special quarrel with Prof. Dowden, who is less prejudiced than many, but because his offence is new and flagrant, and because like criticism has done and is doing incalculable harm. It is too empty of knowledge and sympathy to influence to any good purpose the ignorant patriotic masses, and it comes with enough of authority to persuade the undergraduates and the educated classes that neither the history, nor the poetry, nor the folklore, nor the stories which are interwoven with their native mountains and valleys are worthy of anything but contempt. This would perhaps be no great matter if it drove them to read Goethe and Shakespeare and Milton the more and the better. It has no such effect, however, but has done much to leave them with no ideal enthusiasm at all by robbing them of the enthusiasm which lay at their own doors. Year after year the graduates and undergraduates of Trinity College compose vacant verses, and how vacant their best are can be seen from a recent anthology; and young ladies from Alexandra College gather in little groups and read Shakespeare, and common-place is the abundant fruit. It is only when some young man or young girl is captured by a despised enthusiasm that the vacancy is peopled and the common made uncommon; and to make such captures and at length overthrow and sack Dublin scholasticism is one half the business of "the Irish Literary Movement." Its methods are at times artificial, for it has to mend an artificial state of things, and this must be my excuse for making anything so apparently futile as a list of some forty best Irish books. The list is in a sense an epitome of my preceding articles, and, like them, confines itself to literature and the material for literature, and takes no stock of historical science, even though it lose thereby Mr. Lecky's great history; and it includes no book not upon an Irish subject, or written under some obvious Irish influence. The time has not yet come for Irishmen, as it has for Scotsmen, to carry about with them a subtle national feeling, no matter when, or of what they write, because that feeling has yet to be perfectly elaborated and expounded by men of genius with minds as full of Irish history, scenery, and character as the minds of Burns and Scott were full of Scottish history, scenery, and character. For a like reason it contains many imperfect books, which seem to me to hide under a mound of melodrama or sheer futility a smouldering and fragrant fire that cannot be had elsewhere in the world; and even some few poems which, like "The Lament of Moria Shehone for Miss Mary Bourke" in "The Book of Irish Verse," are precious because of a single line that is the signature of an ancient and Celtic emotion.

I will anticipate one other criticism of a more purely personal nature, and then have done. Some of the Irish papers have been kind enough to quote and criticise my articles, and one or two have complained that I have "log-rolled," and to them I would say that, with the exception of A. E., who was a fellow student of mine, there is no writer

in this list whose work I did not admire before ever I set eyes upon him, and whose friendship I have sought for any reason but admiration of his work. I must apologise for mentioning these personal facts, which are necessary mainly because my praise of Mr. O'Grady, whom I believe to be the most important of living Irish prose writers, is described as mere friendship by Irish Nationalists, who dislike his often anti-national opinions; and I would have my praise, no matter how small be its intrinsic value, carry at any rate the weight of its sincerity.

Novels and Romances.

Castle Rackrent. By Miss Edgeworth.
The Nolans. By John Banim. (Out of print.)
John Doe. By John Banim. (Bound up with "Crohore of the Bill-hook".)
Father Connell. By Michael Banim. (Out of print.)
Barny O'Reirdan. By Samuel Lover (in "Tales and Stories").
The Collegians. By Gerald Griffen.
Father Tom and the Pope. By Sir Samuel Ferguson (in "Tales from Blackwood").
Traits and Stories. By William Carleton.
Fardarougha. By William Carleton.
The Black Prophet. By William Carleton. (Out of print.)
Charles O'Malley. By Charles Lever.
Flitters, Tatters, and the Councillor. By Miss Laffan. (Out of print.)
Maelcho. By Miss Lawless.
Irish Idylls. By Miss Barlow.
The Bog of Stars. By Standish O'Grady. (New Irish Library.)
The Coming of Cuchullin. By Standish O'Grady.
Finn and his Companions. By Standish O'Grady.
Ballads in Prose. By Miss Hopper.

Folklore and Legend.

Old Celtic Romances. By P. W. Joyce.
History of Ireland. Two vols. By Standish O'Grady.
Ancient Legends. By Lady Wilde.
Beside the Fire. By Dr. Douglas Hyde.
West Irish Folk Tales. By William Larminie.
Hero Tales of Ireland. By Jeremiah Curtin.
Myths and Folklore of Ireland. By Jeremiah Curtin.
Tales of the Irish Fairies. By Jeremiah Curtin.
Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland. By Crofton Croker.
Teig O'Kane. By Dr. Douglas Hyde (in "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry").
Silva Gadaelica. By Standish Hayse O'Grady. (Two vols. of Translations.)
Manuscript Materials. By Eugene O'Curry.

History.

A Short History of Ireland. By P. W. Joyce.
The Story of Ireland. By Standish O'Grady.
Red Hugh. By Standish O'Grady. (Out of print.)
The Jail Journal. By John Mitchell.
The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone (in Mr. Barry O'Brien's edition).
The Story of Early Gaelic Literature. By Dr. Douglas Hyde. (New Irish Library.)

Poetry.

Irish Poems. By William Allingham.
Lays of the Western Gael. By Sir Samuel Ferguson.
Conary. By Sir Samuel Ferguson (in his "Poems").
Selections from the Poems of Aubrey De Vere. Edited by G. E. Woodberry.
Legends and Lyrics. By Mrs. Hinkson.
Homeward: Songs by the Way. By A. E.
The Love Songs of Connaught. By Dr. Douglas Hyde (and to this should be added his "The Religious Songs of Connaught," as soon as it is reprinted from the Irish magazine in which it is now appearing).
The Irish Song Book. By A. P. Graves. (New Irish Library.)
Irish Love Songs. Edited by Mrs. Hinkson.
A Book of Irish Verse.

The last book on my list was edited by myself, and my excuse for including it is that some anthology was necessary; and that I compiled "A Book of Irish Verse" because I disliked those already in existence. If Mr. Graves' and Mr. Stopford Brooke's promised anthology were out, I would probably escape the necessity of pushing my own wares. There is one book, "Mythologie Irlandais," by D'Arbois Joubainville, which could not be included in my list, as it is by a foreign writer, but is so important that no right knowledge of Irish legend is possible without it.

W. B. Yeats.

## NEW BOOKS.

### LOUIS XIV.*

If the shade of the "Grand Monarque" has any knowledge of mundane things, how he must rejoice to know that in these closing years of the nineteenth century he has been held up for the admiration of England and America as a great national hero. For of late it has gone hard with the fame of this sovereign, who always set his personal glory at so high a price. Those "imps who love to uncover ridiculousness in imposing figures" have at last had their way with him. Sober historians, too, have shown that he was no ruler of consummate ability, but a thoroughly second-rate person, showy, vulgar, and commonplace. They have proved that whilst the successes of France in his reign were due to the astuteness of his ministers and the strategic skill of his generals, Louis himself was mainly responsible for its blunders, its failures, its crimes.

In the latest volume of the "Heroes of the Nations Series" Mr. Hassall has made an attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of the French king. That he has failed is no fault of his own; for he has a thorough grasp of his subject, and his work possesses valuable historical qualities. The great fault of the book as a biography is an apparent want of unity of conception. As a contributor to this excellent series he feels that it is incumbent on him to demonstrate that Louis was both a national hero and a truly great king. Mr. Hassall succeeds, in fact, in proving the exact opposite to this; and if we put on one side the "Prologue" and two or three paragraphs in its later chapters, this book may be regarded as a cogent and scholarly impeachment of the character and policy of the French king.

That to Louis can be given little or no credit for the high position France had attained in 1684, Mr. Hassall freely admits. "The work of Richelieu and Mazarin," he writes, "had been thoroughly done. . . . . Louis had simply to follow the lines of their policy, which in itself was no difficult task, for France possessed in Colbert the best administrator, in Lionne, Servien, and Grémonville the best diplomatists, and in Condé and Turenne the best generals in Europe." "In carrying out this policy," he adds, "Louis was greatly aided by the position in which he found France on Mazarin's death, by the weakness of some of the European powers, by the isolation and neutrality of others." He emphatically asserts, too, that "Louis was no real soldier," that "his home policy was a grand failure," and, whilst he shrinks from admitting that Louis was in a large measure responsible for the horrors of the Revolution, he makes it impossible for the critical reader to arrive at any other conclusion. He shows, too, that Louis was not only wanting in all the elements of true greatness, but that he was also quite incapable of appreciating genius in others. Whenever, in the early part of his reign, he ventured to take a course of his own in opposition to the counsels of those great ministers and strategists who had been trained under Mazarin's *régime*, he made the most disastrous mistakes; but as soon as he was quite free to choose his own ministers he selected most incapable men, and his policy became nothing less than a series of gigantic blunders. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes—"for which," says Mr. Hassall, "Louis must be regarded as directly responsible;" the fatal decision not to attack Holland in 1688; the devastation of the Palatinate; the failure of the French forces to follow up the attack on Naumur in 1692; the Peace of Ryswick; the reserval of the rights of Philip V. to the French throne; the seizure of the "Dutch Barrier" in 1701; the recognition of the Pretender, James III., as King of England in the same year—by such measures as these Louis alienated all Europe and brought dishonour and loss upon his own country.

Mr. Hassall, nevertheless, holds to the opinion that in the last twenty years of his life Louis showed himself to be both a skilled diplomatist and a true hero. The first of these claims is hard to maintain in the face of Louis' action at the Congress of Ryswick. Here, as elsewhere, Louis placed his own dynastic schemes above the interests of the nation. In order to leave himself free to pursue his

* "Louis XIV." By Arthur Hassall. Heroes of the Nations Series. (E. P. Putnam's Sons.)

aims he yielded up "une incomparable ceinture de places fortes que pendant vingt années de luttes continuelles avait coûté tant d'efforts et de sang." But putting on one side all questions of patriotism and honour, Louis' astounding recklessness in the conduct of these important negotiations surely goes a long way to damn his reputation as a diplomatist. Had he possessed but a little political foresight; had he but shown a little more firmness and astuteness, he might have secured infinitely better terms than he did. By displaying a feverish eagerness to accept any conditions, he was perilously near showing his whole hand to the other side. The Peace of Ryswick seriously diminished the prestige of France; and the terms in which it was condemned by the great Vauban in his famous letter to Racine, written according to M. Rousset in 1697, are scarcely too strong. "Je la tiens," said he "plus infâme que celle de Cateau-Cambrésis, . . . . et qui a toujours été considérée comme la plus honteuse qui ait jamais été faite." It is true that in the closing years of the seventeenth century Louis showed that he had not altogether forgotten the lessons that he had learnt at the feet of Mazarin; but almost always after gaining any diplomatic success he managed to neutralise the effects of it by some act of fatuous folly. It is impossible, therefore, to grant that Louis was a diplomatist of the first order. Neither can it be allowed that he is entitled to rank as a hero. Mr. Hassall, in his really admirable account of the closing years of the reign, succeeds in arousing in us some sentiments of pity for the aged king, who, with many tears and prayers, does his best in a toilsome old age to mitigate the disastrous effects of the blunders of his middle life; but such conduct, praiseworthy as it was, did not suffice to establish his right to the high title his latest biographer claims for him. It having been decided that Louis XIV. was worthy of a place by the side of Pericles and Alexander the Great, Charlemagne and Saladin, it was only to be anticipated that an attempt would be made to prove his right to such a position. In this Mr. Hassall has not disappointed us. But in one particular, we must confess, the book has entirely failed to realise our expectations of it. Some of the illustrations, such as, for example, the portraits of Villeroy and Fénléon, of James II. and the great Condé, are really atrociously bad. For this there can be no excuse. The great engravers of the age of Louis have left us innumerable portraits, of the highest value both as works of art and as historical documents. Not Le Brun and the Mignards, but Nanteuil and Edelinck, the Audrans and the Poillys, Masson and Peter Drevet the younger, reveal to us in the most consummate way the external splendour of Louis, his passionate desire for self-glorification, and the pomp and vanity of his court. In precision of touch, in rhythm of line, and above all in a just appreciation of the relative value of tones, the engraver of that time is much superior to the painter. The University of Oxford, in which Mr. Hassall holds a high position, has, in its Hope Collection, a large number of these portrait engravings. Seeing that the originals themselves were so easy of access, it is the more to be deplored that the illustrations for the volume before us were reproduced from inferior German copies at third-hand.

I have dwelt too long, I fear, on the shortcomings of this last biography of Louis, and have failed to give due prominence to its many excellent qualities. It is in several ways a remarkable book. Mr. Hassall never makes a parade of his learning; but it is quite clear that his knowledge of the sources, of the memoirs and histories of the age of Louis, is both extensive and accurate. His style is always clear, terse, and restrained, and free from that loose rhetoric which is so wearisome to the reader who loves history for its own sake. He has, too, a fine sense of historical proportion; and though some of his chapters contain a considerable amount of detail, it is never uninteresting or irrelevant.

R. L. Douglas.

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## DR. CARR'S LIFE OF USSHER.*

Dr. Carr has written a sound and satisfactory life of a very great man. If his book has no intense and glowing pictures, it is clear, easy to read, full of local information; it has added new matter, especially about his early life, to what Elrington Parr and Bernard tell, who are not too accessible, besides; and it enables us to form a distinct conception of the strange times when the very precincts of Dublin were the lair of Celtic robbers and murderers; when the Primate's palace, "handsome and convenient," was of wood and roughcast; when nobles and parsons scrambled for the plunder of their Church (the Earl of Cork disgorged £40,000); and when the law rightly degraded and hanged a Bishop. If either Church or State survives, it is because this lurid background is illuminated by the genius of scholars and the devotion of saints. Ussher was both. His learning, backed by the influence of distinguished relatives both in Church and College, won the promptest recognition. At twelve years old his name was chosen to be the first enrolled among the students of the new University of Dublin; at twenty he lectured in Divinity; at twenty-eight he refused a Provostship; at forty he was Bishop of Meath; and at forty-five Primate. His career was singularly cloudless until the storms burst which had been gathering over the whole nation. First, the Irish Revolt drove him to England, and then the Great Rebellion ruined his Church and himself. It was when a supplicant to Cromwell for the latter that he uttered his famous invective against "this false man" who had "intestina sed non viscera." Some of his beloved library was sold to meet his pressing needs, and he died in dependence upon his friends. Cromwell thereupon made capital of his greatness by ordering a state funeral in Westminster Abbey, but most of the cost he left to others, who could ill afford it, to defray. Other stately figures cross the page. Strafford, in his masterful fashion, wrings from thieves in high places the plunder of the Church, and meets them again in his extremity; but when a Synod would fain discuss, before accepting, the English Articles, he forbids all debate, requires them to vote Yes or No, demands the names of all recalcitrants, and fairly browbeats the Irish Church into English orthodoxy. For this it was pretended that Ussher advised Charles to betray him. Dr. Carr easily refutes this slander. In fact, it was Ussher who attended him to the scaffold, and told his master that he had "never seen so white a soul return to his Maker."

The saintly Bedell at first incurs his displeasure, and requites it, but a warm friendship is soon established between these kindred spirits. Though Ussher never quite lost what Dr. Carr calls his Puritanism, he was also the friend of Laud and Bramhall; and all that we are shown of both these ecclesiastics is attractive.

Ussher was a powerful extempore preacher, and as a speaker "vehement, artful, and pathetic"—artful in the good old sense, and his vast scholarship was not the plodding acquirement of a Dry-as-dust, but the equipment of a vigorous and original intellect. Of his prodigious controversial work this is scarcely the place to write. He was a competent mathematician, left curious astronomical papers, and gave the Prayer-book its rules for finding Easter. He paid an agent at Aleppo to seek ancient manuscripts, and also ransacked Mount Lebanon and Tripoli; and by his practical vigour the Samaritan Pentateuch was brought to light. Indeed, his expenditure upon rare books reminds one of Cicero. He was the first critical student of the Septuagint. His celebrated discovery of the genuine Ignatian epistles was no random "find," but a beautiful deduction of pure reason. For, having observed that Grosseteste and other English divines quoted in accordance with Eusebius and Theodoret, deviating from both the Greek and Latin versions, he inferred that the true text lurked in some English library, and, searching accordingly, discovered two copies. It was for quoting Ignatius that Milton, in the brutal fashion of his polemics, called Ussher (of all men) a dunce-prelate.

It is heartbreaking that such a man should have opposed the toleration of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, discredited though the offer was by being put up for sale. It is simply astounding that he, the scourger of Latin masses, should have discountenanced preaching and catechizing in Irish, and Bedell's noble effort to print an Irish Bible. In this matter he saw and confessed his error when it was too late; and perhaps there was some truth in Bedell's judgment that he was more of a student and preacher than an administrator.

* "Life and Times of James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh." By J. A. Carr, LL.D. (London: Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

There are a few slips. £2,000 at that time may have been equal to £16,000 now (p. 59); but this makes it the more impossible that £500 should be equal to £50,000 (p. 96).

And if King James had a strong distrust of him until they met in 1619 (p. 115), it cannot have been through a promise from him that he was addressed as Bishop of Meath in 1617 (p. 127).

We think we could divine, if we did not know it, that the author is an Irish Churchman, and even that there is a school in his church with which he is out of sympathy.

But the book is impartially as well as carefully written; it is "excellent good reading"; and it will fitly introduce a noble personage to the general reader, whom we congratulate upon the introduction.

G. A. Chadwick.

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## THE EDINBURGH 'STEVENSON.'*

These volumes of Miscellanies are, before all the others in the edition, interesting to open, for one never knows what they may contain, or what rearrangement the matter may have been subjected to. We have not yet learnt if we are to have the whole of Stevenson, even the Juvenilia, including his maiden essay in the *Portfolio* on "Roads," and his charming dissertation on "The Movements of Young Children." Very likely; for the unreprinted are gradually being gathered in. Along with the familiar contents of this latest volume—that is, "Virginibus Puerisque," the essays formerly bound with "Across the Plains," and "Father Damien"—we have a reprint of some Stevenson matter of the first importance. For ten years we have waited for his essay on the "Technical Elements of Style" to be unearthed from the pages of the *Contemporary*. Here it is. He was always concerned with the subject, but, as a rule, his constant references to it are like a man's tale of work after the work is over. Here he takes us into the workshop, or rather into the dissecting room, and we examine by his side, in a businesslike way, the laws of the rhythm, and balance, and pattern of prose. It is an essay for the serious student of English literature, and especially for the craftsman, not light and charming, like "Virginibus Puerisque," but the closest, the best-knit work that Stevenson ever did; another proof, if one were needed, of how little he trusted to his natural instincts, how severe was the apprenticeship he served. A fine piece of writing, too, in probably quite conscious harmony with its subject: terse, vigorous, exact. Then there is the much less satisfactory "Note on Realism," a subject in which it seems to us Stevenson always failed to say precisely what he wanted. The matter of "The Day after To-morrow" has been in a thousand mouths, but nowhere is there a more tolerant or humorous sketch of the future of socialistic legislation. He foresees in the jealousy of neighbouring communes "a world of hedgerow warfare. Dorchester will march on Poole, Sherborne on Dorchester, Wimborne on both; the waggons will be fired on as they follow the highway, the trains wrecked on the line, the ploughman will go armed into the field of tillage, and if we have not a return of ballad literature, the local press at least will celebrate in a high vein the victory of Cerne Abbas, or the reverse of Toller Porcorum." There occurs in this essay his characteristic criticism of some socialistic material ideals of the day. Man loves to eat and to be comfortable, he admits. "He is supposed to love happiness; it is my contention that he rather loves excitement. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to man than regular meals." One of the most delighful of his autobiographic essays is here, too, "Books that have influenced me," contributed to the *British Weekly* in 1887. It contains an admirable description and test of the rare gift of reading, which should make many of us pause. And to conclude our mention of the hitherto unreprinted contents of the volume before us, there is the amiable sermon, a very preachy sermon, on "The Morality of the Profession of Letters." Stevenson has elsewhere and often sung the praises of the profession from the writer's point of view. But he had a habit, a wholesome corrective to the vanity of authors, of speaking of the calling as unmanly, and a very poor one from a moral standpoint. Not so here, where he has a brave word even for the second rate, if so be they love their art enough to be honest in its pursuit. But he means "no encouragement to knock-knee'd, feeble-wristed scribes, who must take their business conscientiously or be ashamed to practise it."

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." Miscellanies. Vol iii. Printed by T. and A. Constable for Longmans, Green and Co., Cassell and Co., Seeley and Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons, and sold by Chatto and Windus.

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## THE MID-LOTHIAN ESKS.*

From the sketch map of the rivers which accompanies it, the reader can see at a glance the associations which are gathered up in this dainty volume. For Habbie's Howe and Hawthornden and Arniston, to mention a few only of the places picked out upon it, carry their associations in their names; and the writers of these Notes had no special need to be recondite in county lore to fill up with story every step of the way they take us from sources to sea.

That way is orthodox, and the most agreeable. Starting at the rising of the North Esk in the upper moorlands of

PENTLANDS, FROM HARBOUR CRAG.

the Pentlands, our mark is Dalkeith: through the country of the *Gentle Shepherd*, by Penicuick and Auchendinny (not missing the croft of the Howgate carrier farther up on the Peebles road), and Woodhouselee, Roslin, and Hawthornden, and Lasswade, and many another to cherish for the sake of those whose names are linked with them. Back now to the Moorfoots, and trace the course of the South Esk through the homes of territorial and political influence

DE QUINCEY.

rather than the haunts of poets—Rosebery, Arniston, Dalhousie, Newbattle—until, in the ducal park at Dalkeith, it meets the North Esk, and together they flow to Musselburgh and the sea. So, with a chatty guide at our side; and the pilgrimage done, we look back over the route, with

* "The Mid-Lothian Esks and their Associations from the Source to the Sea." Illustrated by George Aikman, A.R.S.A. With Notes by the late Thomas Chapman and by "John Strathesk." (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

"John Strathesk" to inform it with more intimate and personal recollection.

These notes, however, entertaining as they are, are subordinate to Mr. Aikman's illustrations—many woodcuts

THE OLD CHURCH, DALKEITH.

in the text (one or two of which, through the courtesy of the publisher, accompany this notice), and fourteen etchings. It is these which make the book what it is—one of the most delightful country-side memorials that has been published for long.

## THE MEN OF THE MOSS HAGS.*

It seems only the other day we were reading and revelling in "The Raiders," and here is already a rival to it from the pen of its own maker, while all the year between has been dotted with Mr. Crockett's stories, the least of them alive and spirited. This is vitality indeed, which should defeat the degeneracy (if anything could) that the sad prophets say must wait on over-production. It is to those who delighted in "The Raiders" that "The Men of the Moss-hags" appeals, to those who see the better Mr. Crockett in stories of wild riding and hiding in Galloway and by the shores of the Solway than in the tamer merits of "The Lilac Sunbonnet." Just at this moment it is not very useful to declare one's preference between the two rival tales. They appeal to the same instincts; they have about an equal amount of adventurous incident, and breathe equally of the open-air—a fine feature in a book, and all the horrors of the "killing" cannot cancel its benefit here. It is emphatically a good story, though without any very definite plan or plot, and though it postpones some of its romantic consummations till a second part, which shall give us the lives of the hero and his kinsfolk and friends in Holland, and, presumably, the mating of the hero with Maisie and of young Lochinvar with Kate of Balmaghie. It is merely a first volume, and we leave off with an appetite, for we like our company. But we beg Mr. Crockett in his next instalment to hurry a little over the Dutch exile and hasten back to Galloway, where he is ever happiest and surest, where he shows most of his own natural strength. The influence of Stevenson is strong in "The Men of the Moss-hags;" but whatever echoes from other romancers we find in his characters, there is one thing that is all his own, his "glegness of eye," his sense of the beauty of the earth, and his power to tell it—if it be Galloway earth. Here is a picture of a faring-forth in the early summer. "Now as we went up the hill a sound followed us that made us turn and listen. It was a sweet and charming noise of singing. There, at the door of Earlstoun, were my mother and her maidens, gathered to bid us farewell upon our sad journey. It made a solemn melody on the caller morning air, for it was the sound of the burying psalm, and they sung it sweetly. So up the Deuch Water we rode, the little birds making a choir about us, and young tailless thrushes of the year's nesting pulling at reluctant worms on the short dewy knowes."

Mr. Crockett has known better than to make the young hero, William Gordon, a very orthodox Whig. At this time of day orthodox Whigs are not in favour, and we all prefer a hero for whom we can have a warmer feeling than approval. Lame as he is, he is nevertheless more of a soldier than a preacher, and his testimony he gives more willingly by his sword than by word of mouth. A still more original departure is seen in the career of the Wullcat, the young lord of Lochinvar, whose gallantries get his more douce cousin into difficulties at the beginning of the story. Most romancers would have bored us with the love affairs of the hot-headed, irresponsible, and inflammable young man all through, merely from convention, but when once Wat takes to the heather he contents himself with a single lady-love; and he is generally to be counted on to take part in the wildest and least gallant of adventures, without hindrance from his caprices and affections. The silent, devoted, and daring Maisie, take her all in all, is a living personage, but not easily describable. One should not be surprised at any of her exploits after watching her conduct when the dragoons are riding on the conventicle. "Maisie Lennox, who was nearest to me, looked over to where her father stood at the corner of his company. Then because she was distressed for him, and knew not what she did, she drew a half-knitted stocking out of the pocket that swung beneath her kirtle, calmly set the stitches in order, and went on knitting, as is the Galloway custom among the hill-folk when they wait for anything." A remarkable woman. But the story of her rifling the mail-bags we cannot believe. It was a feat of the Wullcat and some clerkly allies, if it was done at all. That is the one strong protest we have to make, though, while we are in a dissentient mood, we might mention that there are too many thunderstorms. We have no other grievances; nothing else but praise, indeed, for a fresh and imaginative story.

It is a point to be noted about Mr. Crockett, that where he has to describe he is never dull. It would be easy to select twenty excellent descriptive passages from the book before us to prove this; but none in force and tenderness could rival one part of the terrible tale of Johnstone's brutality to the children. "Then I saw something that I had never seen but among the sheep; and it was a most pitiful and heart-wringing thing to see, though now in the telling it seems no great matter. There is a time of year when it is fitting that the lambs should be separated from the ewes; and it ever touches one nearly to see the flock of poor lammies when first the dogs come near to them to begin the work, and wear them in the direction in which they are to depart. All their little lives the lambs had run to their mothers at the first hint of danger. Now they have no mother to flee to, and you can see them huddle and pack in a frightened, solid bunch, quivering with apprehension, all with their sweet little winsome faces turned one way. Then, as the dogs run nearer to start them, there comes from them a little low, broken-hearted bleating, as if terror were driving the cry out of them against their wills. Thus it is with the lambs on the hill; and so also it was with the bairns that clung together in a cluster on the brae face."

* "The Men of the Moss Hags." Being a History of Adventure taken from the papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway and told over again by S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Isbister.)

## THE UNITED STATES.*

The President of Brown University claims for this history of his country that 'certain features entitle it to a place by the side of the existing works dealing with the subject. This claim is fairly made out, and the book can be recommended as a straightforward, readable narrative in a very reasonable compass. It is not dissimilar in scope to Bright's well-known History of England, though less scholastic in tone. Written in the spirit of a modern historian, it deals not only with political development, but also with the condition of society and the habits and life of the people. We are frankly warned by the author that the work is, in treatment, "pronouncedly national and patriotic." This we presume is essential to its success in the United States. But in the difficult questions between England and the Colonies, Mr.

* "History of the United States." By E. B. Andrews. (Smith and Elder.) 2 vols.

Andrews really tries to hold the scale fairly. He sees that the success of the rebellion had only been rendered possible by the previous expenditure of British blood and treasure in driving back the French in America. Not only were the Colonies thus set free from an ever-present danger in their rear, but French assistance in men and money to their cause, when desperate, was rendered possible. The fairness shown to the British attitude in politics contrasts somewhat with the exultation of American performances in the field. The battle of Brooklyn is slurred over; we are not allowed to know that Washington was outmanœuvred at Brandywine; the naval victories of 1812 lead to an outburst of spreadeagleism, regardless of the fact that the American ships were largely manned by British sailors, and of the disparity of rating, while the Chesapeake and Shannon affair is carefully ignored. The treatment of Burgoyne's army (1777) also is not fairly stated. On the other hand, the strong aversion, at first, to a policy of separation and somewhat sudden eventual development are well brought out. Excellent maps illustrate the text. The book should make the history of the States better known in England than it is at present.

J. H. ROUND.

## HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

The voluminous work of Dr. Gregorovius has enjoyed for thirty years considerable reputation. A third edition, not long since brought it up to the level of recent research, and this edition Miss Hamilton is translating. Two volumes now appear, but in a singularly nondescript way. They bear the full title, 'History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages.' The second contains an index. Everything conspires to mislead the reader into thinking that they form the complete work. The translator's preface throws no light on the point; though when once he knows the truth, the reader may trace it in one or two phrases. It is only from a passage in the history itself that he will learn that its many volumes comprise the vast period from the fifth (or rather the second) century to the middle of the sixteenth. Till he finds this clue to the mystery he will be amazed to see that Miss Hamilton's two volumes on the Middle Ages close in A.D. 800, before the Middle Ages had begun. Clearly, if she wished this instalment to pass as a separate work, she should have either called it 'Rome in the Dark Ages,' or have added 'The Dark Ages' as a subtitle.

As to the merit of the work, or rather its claim to translation, there may be two opinions. It is laborious and learned, and on the whole, interesting. But it is distinctly German—German in conception and in execution. The question then is whether, considering its enormous length, it is not too German to succeed in an English dress. The author tells us his aim was to write the history of the city, "apart from its connection with the Papacy and the Empire." Of course, he has not really done so—who could? His work, after all, amounts to a history of the Papacy and the Empire in Italy with special illustrations from the annals of the city. For instance, these two volumes do but repeat the story which has been infinitely better told in a few chapters of Gibbon and Milman, though no doubt they add fuller and later details on archæological points. Some years ago they seem to have deeply impressed Miss Hamilton, and she frankly tells us why. She was then exploring Rome, and "the book seemed to open up a whole world of interest; long centuries that had before been hid in darkness became suddenly peopled and alive with stirring events." Many other intelligent tourists will share her experience, and for them also the book will prove agreeable and instructive. Their enthusiasm for the churches and ruins where they spend their mornings will beguile them into closing the day with Gregorovius, and thus not only will they find out more about the old buildings, but they will acquire or revive a knowledge of Italian history in an obscure but interesting period. Herein, as it seems to me, lies the real, if somewhat limited, value of the work. The reader in England who has not seen the buildings of Rome, will prefer to seek his history in some more universal, undiluted source. The tourist who knows his history will, on the other hand, do best to explore and study Rome with the aid of purely topographical and antiquarian books.

Ample leisure is required to justify the ordinary student in devoting himself to the perusal of so lengthy a work. The German professor is nothing if he is not universal, all embracing, and world-historical. If he describes a trip on a penny steamer, he must begin with the Argonauts and end with a comparative view of the great naval powers at the present day. However, this ambitious reach lends to the author's reflections considerable importance. This is most conspicuous in his treatment of the survival of Paganism at Rome and in the relations between the old and new religions—a subject which till late years had never been seriously handled. The history has been sadly confused and distorted by stock quotations from the fathers, whose rhetorical exaggeration amounts to innocent mendacity. For instance, according to them Rome and its art treasures were always being totally destroyed—over and over again. Skirmishes are great battles; petty riots are revolutions and invasions; a rather bad fever season a heaven-sent pestilence destroying millions, and so on. They did not wish to deceive; they did not deceive. Everybody knew it was only meant for eloquence. Just so, we find the same idols and temples being "utterly destroyed" over and over again. With reference to the development of Mariolatry out of Saint worship, the author has somewhere a striking remark. He says that S. Maria Maggiore, which was the first church dedicated to the Virgin (in the middle of the fifth century) would, fifty years earlier, have been consecrated to St. Peter, and still earlier, under Constantine, to Christ. Here we might note the reflection of Pagan art in the presentations of the Saviour. The Christ of the early Church and of the Catacombs is simply the handsome, youthful Apollo, or Mercury. When the Church was established and endowed in power and dignity, we find the Christ of the basilican mosaics, who is now Pluto, king and judge of the infernal regions. From this frowning awful deity the still half pagan populace turned instinctively to the resuscitation under the name of Mary, the Divine Mother, of their old favourite goddess, lovely, smiling, lax, indulgent, whom they remembered as Venus, Lucina, Cybele, or Maia, as the case might be. The theologians might defy the Holy Apostles; the Virgin was the goddess of the people, and around her they soon placed other popular saints of vulgar or dubious antecedents. The sublime figures of prophets and apostles were soon well nigh forgotten.

It remains to say that Miss Hamilton has taken much pains to grapple with the awkward diction of her author. Circumstances have probably prevented her from following what must have been her instinct, and illustrating each period by numerous topographical maps and plans. Without them the book is perfectly confusing and useless. The very least would have been to recommend some cheap and accessible book of plans for reference. On the whole, she would have done better to condense rather than translate; to omit the rhetoric, cut down the general history, and expand the descriptions of the antiquities. As to plans they should not be large folded sheets, but single page plans of small districts on a fair scale with a key-map for reference. Should she not be encouraged to continue her present system these hints may be worth consideration, for undoubtedly, such an abridgment would appeal to a much wider public.

Y. Y.

* 'History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages.' By F. Gregorovius. Translated by A. Hamilton. 2 vols. (G. Bell and Sons.) Price 12s.

## MAETERLINCK IN ENGLISH.*

The translator of Maeterlinck's prose should rank as an original writer, so much is he left to himself in choosing from among the score of possible meanings in any single paragraph. It is pretty certain that in the end, whatever be his intelligence, his care, and his knowledge of two languages, he will not reproduce the author's meaning very exactly; and just as certainly M. Maeterlinck could not help him very much. For in his mystical studies he takes you into a dim land, and lets you grope. He wishes the

* "Pelleas and Melisanda" and "The Sightless." Two Plays by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated from the French by Laurence Alma Tadema. Scott Library. 1s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

atmosphere to suggest things, or rather moods, to you. If it does, he is possibly satisfied; a plan of the country or an inventory of any of its mansions made out by a disciple would probably be suspect in his eyes. The same may be said of much of his verse. But his dramatic writing is marked by an exceptional verbal clearness and simplicity, by a childlike form, and a skilful adoption of the phraseology of the humble. This is a trap for translators, for there is much illusion in the seeming easiness. These dramas would demand a literal rendering, but there is no such thing. There is ever a choice to be made among the simplest words, and where the wrong word is used in this austere form of writing the fault is great. Miss Alma Tadema has done her task as well as it could be done. She has spared her words, she has kept them as simple and direct as possible, and yet has chosen them so as to suggest Maeterlinck's symbolism. "I felt as one that, having marvelled at a rose in a garden, should poorly fashion its image in paper to give to his friends." Thus with a pretty modesty does she apologise; but if Maeterlinck, even after her efforts, like a good many other poets, be pronounced still untranslatable by the hyper-fastidious, even these will own she has done nearly all for him that could be done in English. As samples of really sensitive translation we might quote her version of Yniold watching the shepherd and his flock, or the dialogue of the lovers before Golaud's act of vengeance, or the speech of Arkël at the death-bed of Melisanda, and other passages besides. The new song, too, substituted for the original one in Act iii., a song of the mysterious Melisanda's quest—an interesting addition—is rendered as finely as its intangible meaning will allow—

"Thirty years I've sought, my sisters,
For his hiding-place;
Thirty years I've walked, my sisters,
But have found no trace. . . .

Thirty years I've walked, my sisters,
And my feet are worn;
He was all about, my sisters,
Yet he was unborn. . . ."

This strange fatalistic and yet most tender story of human beings "that played, dreaming, about the pitfalls of destiny," is, perhaps, the best answer to give to those who say Maeterlinck touches the nerves but not the heart. Where is there a more pathetic picture of resignation than Arkël, with his gentle speech—"He has done what he probably had to do. . . . One is always mistaken unless one shuts one's eyes. . . . I have never put myself in the way of a destiny"? And it says much for the translator that one's impression of the beauty does not substantially lessen through her version.

But her rendering of "Les Aveugles" demanded more skill, its bald directness needing great exactitude of phrase, and receiving it for the most part. Maeterlinck has had eulogies poured on him not very discreetly; but he deserved all he received for this marvellous symbolic presentation of the groping, terrified world, in face of the unknown and of the peopled darkness.

Miss Alma Tadema's preface almost proves her to be a student of the prose as well as the poetry. We gather a vague impression of what she means in it, because we are willing and are sympathetic towards her master and herself. A little hostility would have shut out the light entirely. While there is good discipline in rendering the dramas, whose technique has great precision—the mystery being all within—the prose is an ill school for a young writer to train herself in, because it is so fatally easy of imitation.

## THE GREATER VICTORIAN POETS.*

These chapters have perhaps been revised from lectures given to Professor Walker's students. There is no announcement to that effect, but the lecture plan and the lecturer's habit of mind are visible throughout. And in judging the book it is important to have this in view; it accounts for and amply justifies the careful explanation of some things very obvious to mature readers, but not so obvious to those at the outset of their serious study of modern literature. Like a good teacher, he takes for granted, in a stimulating fashion, a fair amount of intelligence, but very little actual knowledge or experience. Till, then, you have read a few chapters, you will be apt to do the book an injustice, of which you repent when you become aware of its teaching object, and have grasped the limitations which the writer has set upon himself. Professor Walker sticks to his theme—the literary history of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold—in the severest way, allowing himself no general discursiveness, very few comparisons between his poets and older ones, and between them and more recent singers none at all. If his examination thus loses something in interest, it gains in thoroughness and clearness—from the good lecture point of view. But the excellent work he has bestowed on the subject would have met with more sympathetic appreciation fifteen years ago, and if students half a century after this hit upon it, they will acknowledge its value. For it represents with great exactitude the English point of view in matters poetical at the moment when the power of the three poets was at its height. I do not mean to say that they are unread now, or that they are impotent, or in any way to deny their greatness and their abiding fame. But poets exercise often two kinds of influences—and assuredly these did—that which remains untouched by changes in taste and faith, and that which is far more powerful in their own time, their response to their generation's needs. The greater Victorian poets are still moulding thought, as well as admitting new-comers into the realms of beauty; but they are not the strongest moral and intellectual influences of those sensitive souls that feel first the secret workings of their own and the coming age. We have but few manifestations of the new spirit, and the spirit itself may be puny and sickly compared with what Tennyson and Browning embodied; but, at least, for good or ill, the next creative epoch of poetry seems likely to be other in aim and scope and ideal and material than the Great Victorian one. And Professor Walker ignores this. For him the three poets express all that is poetically expressible to-day. To those who are uneasily aware of all the hopes and fears of a transition time, this is disappointing, and it is not a little difficult to view the question exactly from Professor Walker's standpoint.

One should be more definite, however, in suggesting how his point of view, which is so admirable for seeing the main features of the three subjects of his study, prevents his grasping some supplementary facts and some views of poetry that are more visible now than they were when Tennyson and Browning were saying the last word about the religious and poetical conceptions of their time. He is, for instance, very insistent on the fact that poets should "deal in meanings," that they should be very human, should concern themselves with the real, the substantial. It is indisputable; and if they are to attain to any measure of popularity, to influence the crowd, their connection with the substantial must be close indeed. But Professor Walker narrows—as does all the poetic school of which he is the interpreter—the meaning of the word "human." All is human, or material for human poetry, in which human beings take an interest, and the boundaries of that interest are capable of infinite expansion. The eerie, invisible spirit world, which exists for whosoever walks in it, is outside the limit of the eminently practical poetry here expounded. But it has not been always outside the limit of popular poetry, and it will not be always so. The visionaries and the dwellers in faërie also "deal in meanings," since that is indispensable, perhaps better still, even in morals—but these form a disconcerting code. Another instance of this taking for granted that the point of view of a great epoch greatly expressed is likely to be the permanent one, is found in the interesting chapter on "The Poetry of Nature." His differentiation of the attitude of his three poets is excellent—how one, roughly speaking, regards Nature as a beautiful picture, the second Nature as the background of human action, and the third Nature as the reflector of human emotion. But these do not include, and the absence is not remarked, the most poetical attitude of all, and the one to which the poetry of the age is tending—Nature as a separate living thing, governed by other aims than humankind strives after, full of beauty and interest, to be loved not as a picture, or as a

* "The Greater Victorian Poets." By Hugh Walker. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

mere reflector of our moods, but as a being full of consolation and distraction because of the riches of her own full individuality—not the attitude of "in our life alone does Nature live," but of

"I grow upon her bosom and take her joys for mine."

Not only is there hardly a reference to this, but Arnold, the most self-centred of the three poets, is called "emphatically the poet of nature."

Quite apart from this, many will think his estimate of Arnold too high; but to a poet who has rarely had justice done him, the generous and mostly discriminating praise here bestowed should not be grudged. And indeed the portions devoted to Arnold are the most independent and the most vigorous of the book. Next in interest comes the chapter, "Faith and Doubt," concerned with the religious beliefs of the three. Here there are no rash, unsupported statements, and there is no bias. It is hardly possible for anyone who has read the three poets on Professor Walker's chronological plan to differ very much from his conclusions, while his examination is so perfectly fair and thorough that by itself it is clear evidence of the intellectual competence of the critic. It is on the intellectual side the book is strongest. The intangible, and the visionary, and the unaccountable, he is not good at suggesting, but where mental vigour, searching, and clear thinking, will solve a question, then he gets at the solution. His chapter on "The Influence of Science," for instance, is admirable. How the great, scientific ideas of the age have crept into poetry he shows by many apt examples, though I think he goes wrong with a good many others in the stress he lays on the influence which the scientific observation of nature has had on the more definite nature-poetry of modern times. The influence has been mainly the other way. And, again, his too exclusively intellectual view has made him speak of the natural science research of "the more far-seeing of the modern landscape painters"; as if, supposing such research to be a serious fact, it had ever any artistic influence at all.

In speaking of these studies I may seem to have taken up an attitude too persistently opposed to them. Disagreement has not prevented a hearty admiration for their serious and systematic work. A good many readers will find they have voyaged far away from Professor Walker's point of view, perhaps a backward move. But if they read all he has to say, and it increases in power towards the end, they will find that satisfaction with the poetic ideals of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold could hardly be better expressed. The book may serve, too, in a few cases, the melancholy purpose of showing some readers how far they have travelled from the well-lighted cities it commemorates only to land in the wilds. A. M.

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## PALMYRA AND ZENOBIA.*

The archæologist, the Biblical scholar, and the pioneer missionary, are all of the industrious order of men, and they may be trusted to scent for themselves whatever bears on their interests. They are also not a little contentious in their zeal, and after hinting that Dr. Wright has theories on the limits of the kingdom of Og, King of Bashan, on Drusian round-towers, and that he appeals for missionary enterprise in the Hauran, we feel we have drawn down an eager, arguing crowd upon his book. But the title is a little unencouraging to the general reader, who needs, therefore, a special word of invitation.

That giant Christian enterprise with the wide-stretching arms, the British and Foreign Bible Society, must have a quick eye for the men who are fitted first to get at and influence the inhabitants of far countries by their enthusiasm and courage, their open-mindedness and sympathy, and fitted, secondly, to give to the world the story of their attempt in a form as inspiriting as that of any secular adventures, and with never a hint of cant or professional solemnity. It was this Society that sent out George Borrow, and therefore was the means of giving us "The Bible in Spain," in which Christian and pagan alike have delighted ever since. Much of the spirit of Borrow is in this other emissary of the Society, now its secretary, Dr. William Wright, who tells here the story of some of the expeditions he made during his nine years' residence in Syria. Those who know Borrow as he should be known, recognise the fascination of his chapter-headings. We know one Borrovian who takes down "Lavengro" and reads the full and suggestive contents with grateful, sparkling eyes, with a fine self-control putting aside the inside matter of the book to a more needy day. Well, Dr. Wright has learnt something of the art from his predecessor, *e.g.*, the heading of chapter xx. "Two horsemen—Challenge and Counter-challenge—The Dahbons and the Shillelah—Peace and Interview—Enemies become friends—Home in Damascus." No reader could skip that chapter. Here he is an apt pupil. But it is not his signboard alone that is after the fashion of the master. There is the same hearty, unconventional ring about the the stories, the same intense enjoyment in life, and travel, and peril. These things, however, belong to a man's self—he learns them not as a pupil. And those who have read Dr. Wright's history of "The Brontës in Ireland" know he has abundant individuality of his own, and humour and spirit not to spoil either an adventure or the tale of it. His exploration of Palmyra, his visit to Bashan, and his desert wanderings were not tame affairs. He was not on the tourist track, and robbery and sudden death might any day have been the fate of his party. He was, however, in good training for hardship of any kind. Burton had told him to take ladder ropes and grappling-irons for the ascent of the towers of Palmyra; and, that he should use them with effect, for weeks before his departure he "kept running up eighty-foot ladders like a hod-man, and climbing the slack-rope like a middy." A strong right arm, a good aim, cool-headedness, and a ready tongue to flatter, or bluster, or scoff, as occasion required, were all needful; but ingenuity, too, had to be kept keenly sharpened in readiness for the Bedawîn. A party of these were uncomfortably near them one night, and as dawn might put them in the robbers' power, it was necessary to shake them off. With muslin from a helmet, and a little brandy, they set fire to some brushwood. "I fired two or three shots, sending the bullets whistling after our pursuers. At the same time we walked our horses between them and the fire, and danced round it, so that we might seem more numerous than we were. Then we galloped back in the darkness to the road, and crossed out into the desert on the other side." The Bedawîn hurried back for curiosity, leaving the route free.

The temper in which the difficult missionary enterprise was carried on, the many excellent human qualities bestowed on it besides piety, and some idea of the humour and good temper that characterise these adventures and their story, may be gathered from this account of an entry into a Druse village. To bring the people out Dr. Wright galloped up singing a stave of their own war-song. "Most of the villagers came out to meet us, and, salutations over, I pointed to the colporteur, who was opening his boxes, and told them that he had books for sale, God's books, and explanations of them by good and learned men. I then took an armful of books, and leaving the crowd around the boxes with the colporteur, I literally took a walk over the town, jumping from roof to roof, and saluting the people down in the courts, till I had a sufficient crowd around me; and then, sitting down on an aged stone, I read them passages that seemed to turn up by accident. I thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole town, and of offering books to every soul in it. Sometimes the crowd became menacing, and then I became aggressive, and questioned them in such a manner as to turn their attention from me to themselves. When it became a case of 'throwing pearls before swine,' I commenced to purchase their old coins and medals, like other travellers."

Perhaps these samples and suggestions of the contents of Dr. Wright's brave and inspiriting book will serve to attract to it the many readers, besides Biblical scholars, for whom it seems specially written, yet whom rumours of its learned research and missionary purpose might leave indifferent enough.

* "An Account of Palmyra and Zenobia." With Travels and Adventures in Bashan and the Desert. By Dr. William Wright. (Nelson.)

## M. BOURGET ON AMERICA.*

America and American things strike feeble Europeans as being too big. M. Bourget has tried to stretch his philosophical observation to compass them—a mistake; for he has made a book of first-rate interest in parts far too long for any save the most patient of readers. We have been wont to think of impressions as slight things, careless of detail, aiming at general resemblance, expressing individual points of view rather than final truth. There is nothing at all flimsy about this elaborate, conscientious, philosophical account of Americans as they appear to a Frenchman to-day, or rather as they appear to M. Paul Bourget. For the care about detail and accuracy in no way takes from the individual character of the survey, and M. Bourget is not a typical Frenchman. He is credited with an appreciation of our own country, and we might almost think he had paid us the homage of some imitation. He wears his seriousness far more openly than do most of his compatriots. Even in his studies of the frivolous morbidity of to-day he is always serious, not to say solemn; his conscience—at least as it shows itself in his psychological fiction and his travel books—bears comparison with any Anglo-Saxon one. He has Gallic fibres in him, of course, and he has his countryman's readiness to accept ideas, but in the main his attitude is very familiar to readers on this side of the Channel; it is not far removed from that of a very cultivated Englishman. Strongly conservative, yet open-minded, religious, pleased with the spectacle of a new country, yet ever seeking to get behind the visible fact to the cause and the motive, straining the facts often to form a general theory, though alive to the danger of the tendency—such is the critic who has written "Outre-Mer." An idealist, the sight of the vast material enterprises yet amuses and stimulates him; he is made of robuster stuff than his young compatriot who landed suddenly on his relatives in France after an absence which allowed him just five days in the States, with the sole explanation, "I could not endure the blow."

M. Bourget is, on the whole, enthusiastically appreciative of the New World. Will Americans feel this? The virtues, the energies, the undertakings he describes so glowingly, the most sensitive among them accept as commonplaces unsatisfying to their souls, and they may wince to read, "[This civilisation] seems to have no undercurrent, nothing taken for granted, for the reason that everything is actual, realised, grown up. This is why, in spite of that immense culture, and what is better still, that appetite for culture, there is as yet no purely American art, no purely American literature, no purely American poetry." He is never harsh, never, at least, in speaking of these particular defects of a civilisation which, in his own fine phrase, "has dispensed with time." He regards them rather with a pathetic interest even while he complains of their want of a palate. "What a mosaic is the task of this race which takes everything pell-mell from our civilisation, the excellent and the bad, our finest works of art and our most deplorable caricatures!" Here a protest is suggested to an English reader. Speaking, very truly for the most part, of the artistic discrimination which a difference in race and language so often prevents, he tells how the late Mr. Walter Pater spoke to him "in the same sentence of Flaubert and Feuillet . . . associating in similar admiration, and for the same reasons, two styles the difference between which, absolute as it is, he did not perceive." Now no one who knows anything of Mr. Pater will believe this; "in the same sentence" may be quite accurate, but the rest is ludicrously impossible. There were two foreigners engaged in that conversation. This is a mistake in detail. M. Bourget has made a very few greater ones.

The least good of all his chapters is that on education, where he chronicles facts about methods that have long been commonplaces in elementary schools, not only in America but here, and I should think, to some extent, in France. Then, two sections, not individually, but by contrast, may arouse some hostility. His chapters on Society are amusing and open-minded; for what he doesn't like he finds a tolerant explanation. Those on the working-classes are really valuable; in the great cities, on the western plains, in their organisations, he has watched them with closeness and sympathy; and he has got light on their conditions from optimists and pessimists, from Catholic dignitaries to cowboys and agitators. But with what a deep hatred and distrust does he look on anything like revolution! His philosophy and his charity leave him where he sees the seeds of what outrages his love of order, nay, of respectability. But perhaps some who are disgusted by his gently tolerant picture of the criminally wasteful and vulgar luxury of the millionaires, will be outraged, too, when they find he cannot be as gently tolerant of the somewhat theatrical speech of an out-at-elbows Polish revolutionist. The explanation is that M. Bourget has seen what a part the Germans play in American revolutionary propaganda; and he is too good a Frenchman to be always a philosopher.

On the whole, however, he is eminently, generously fair. He never discounts anything from the material marvels of America, and he is conscious of her lavish endeavours after something better. "A very great nation" is his verdict. He does not flatter. He thinks "their pleasure-houses are too elegant. Their fast trains go too fast. Their newspapers have too many pages; too much news. And when they set themselves to spend money, they are obliged to spend too much in order to have the feeling of spending enough." He observes the crudity of their intercourse, but recognises its picturesqueness. "With little feeling for the spirit of words, they easily come. . . to have the spirit of things, a picturesque speech which, when mingled with gaiety, produces an original and novel humour. . . Here again. Under the rich woman or the stately man, you feel 'the people' close at hand. You feel it also in a certain artlessness of conversation. Broad innuendo is absolutely absent from it, and scandal is seldom cruel. The imitation of aristocratic impertinence, that scourge of underbred society, finds no place here."

It is impossible to give anything like a complete impression of this very full (too full), very serious, and yet very entertaining book. But no one should be contented with a second-hand notion of it. One bit of comfort it will bring to many European readers. For the main conclusion of all the conservative M. Bourget's observant wanderings is that democracy has not necessarily any tendency to stamp out individuality.

A. M.

* "Outre-Mer. Impressions of America." By Paul Bourget. With Frontispiece portrait. 16s. (Unwin.)

## NOVEL NOTES.

THE KING IN YELLOW. By Robert W. Chambers. (Chatto.)

Mr. Chambers succeeds where so many try and fail. He makes our flesh creep. He has a gruesome ambition to torture us with mysterious horrors of the night and of madness, and the skill for it is not wanting in him. The book should be kept out of the way of all nervous and morbid persons, for even the healthy will dream miserably of his imaginings, and throw the volume aside with a shudder. But they will first have read it. He belongs to the school of his compatriot Poe, though his workmanship is of another stamp, and though he is perhaps a trifle more sensational. But he is not imitative. Within the suggestive covers of the little book there is an unusual amount of invention, and it is very rare that to nerve-assailing tales so much genuine talent is devoted. It is this talent that calls us to protest against some things. We feel doubtful of the right of anyone to invent such a tale as "The Yellow Sign"; the physical disgust that mingles with the mysterious horror condemns it. But yet we read that with the others, chained to them like a child to the fireside where ghost stories are circulating. Nevertheless, Mr. Chambers is so master of the power or trick of mysterious suggestion that he need never stoop to such means to cause a thrill. In "The Demoiselle D'Ys" he has landed us far more surely in a world of mystery by fine touches. His book divides itself into two parts. The first are stories of strange delirium, of characters subjugated and made mad by the influence of a book of evil genius, called "The King in Yellow." The second contains mostly tamer stories of student life in the Latin quarter. The former are perhaps the more powerful and original, as well as the more sensational. But in them he is tempted to greater artistic sins—to force the note, whether of horror or of mys-

tery, till it defeats its end, or to become self-conscious in his style, and to aim too much at fine writing. In the superficially less striking stories we see more promise, and, indeed, with respect to the beautiful Breton vision, "The Demoiselle D'Ys," and the excellent description of the siege of Paris in "The Street of the First Shell," it is too late to speak of promise. Self-conscious, rhetorical, sensational, Mr. Chambers may be; we name his faults not unkindly, feeling sure they will fall away from a writer of force and imagination, from one endowed with an unusual sense of beauty.

THE LADIES' PARADISE. By Emile Zola. With an Introduction by Ernest A. Vizetelly. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

"Au Bonheur des Dames" in its English dress is recommended by Mr. Vizetelly to good women interested in the lives of their useful servants, the great army of shop assistants, with the hope, too, that frivolous readers may take a warning from its pictures of the temptation and misery that wait on the vanity and luxury of modern life. Zola the social reformer has ever a zealous lieutenant in his best English translator, and here, in an interesting preface, Mr. Vizetelly bids us not regard the picture as one alien to us, but begs us to see ourselves in it, and our own not very dissimilar conditions. Out of his own experience he testifies to the general accuracy of Zola's account of the present tendencies in shop-keeping, and, as a whole, we are ready to believe that the novelist's industrious observation produces a just and true impression. To English readers only one thing must seem unnatural, or at least very unfamiliar. It is a pity the editor, with his knowledge of Parisian life, did not touch on the point in his preface. That Mouret, the gigantic shopkeeper, should have been received into society is not astonishing; he was a man of education as well as of ability, and his manners, we are convinced, were agreeable and perhaps distinguished. But when he is received, not merely as Mouret, but as the shopkeeper, and consulted, and teased, and scolded, and questioned by ladies in drawing-rooms about his goods, his sales, and his prices, we wonder whether Zola is not clumsily exaggerating his picture of women's furious, feverish delight in *chiffons*, or whether such scenes may not be natural enough in another society.

The title-page gives no certain indication of the translator, but the "free rendering," as it is called, is good enough to be attributed to Mr. Vizetelly, who has already given us excellent versions of "La Débâcle," "L'Argent," and others. As a whole the workmanship is very satisfactory, though one stumbles on a few awkward words and phrases, mostly over-literal renderings—the insistence, for example, on the "wildness" of the certainly unsophisticated, but very gentle Denise. Much discretion has been used, and nothing has been left that could offend a reasonable English reader. And with the omission of the superficial audacity, the verbal plainness, here, as indeed in most of Zola's books, all offence vanishes. The story of the establishment of the gigantic Paris shop, of the adventurous enterprise of its founder, of the temptation it afforded to women of every class, of the hardships of the employés, and their gradual betterment, is one of keen human interest, while Denise, the gentle, plucky, and devoted heroine is a sympathetic and very living little personage, whose company we are glad to keep all along, from her struggling entry to her happy triumph in the last chapter.

THE GOLDEN AGE. By Kenneth Grahame. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Perhaps the antagonism of crabbed age and youth has never been presented with more charming humour than by Mr. Grahame. In these pictures of a well-remembered adventurous childhood, fun and sentiment and grace contribute about equally to our delight. We find the same kind of thing in brief scattered through Stevenson's reminiscences, but Mr. Grahame is the special chronicler of the happy, graceless, careless, busy-brained youth that, in defiance of the stupid interference of maturity, finds the world a merry place and full of intensest interest. We cannot read the tales of Edward, Selina, Harold, and the chronicler himself unsympathetically, though they may not recall our own old experiences. All children, healthily constituted, revolt against respectability, but the consistent attitude of scorn of these amusing little actors towards the alien grown-up world is, if not a little exaggerated, at least exceptional. This attitude counts for something, however, in the amusement the book affords. From the ordinary tale of childish escapades Mr. Grahame's "Golden Age" is marked off by its refinement, its artistic sense, and the charm of its style.

CLARENCE. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

Something may have died out of Mr. Bret Harte since he wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—the power or the opportunity of gathering fresh and piquant incident from wild, rough life to wake up his tame readers from their sleepiness and shake off a prejudice or two in the process. But though some of the freshness has gone from his stories, they have never grown dull. And with years there has come a too little recognised compensation for any loss of youthful vigour. His understanding of human nature has grown in subtlety and in delicacy, till to-day we look confidently to his books for interesting studies in more sophisticated character. His plots are good in their conception, but in their development he is more easily surpassed than in the strong, minute handling of his personages, whom he analyses with a care that is never finnicking. The characters here are mostly old friends. In the war between North and South, Clarence Brant, Alice Benham, and the lively Susy are tested to the utmost by the storm and stress of the times. The new heroine, Miss Faulkner, is of course, seeing who has fashioned her, no mild pattern of propriety; but really her asperity on her first appearances we are much more inclined to resent than were Clarence Brant and, evidently, Mr. Bret Harte. It is difficult to resign ourselves to a favourite hero marrying a shrew, however heroic she might be on occasion.

MY JAPANESE WIFE. By Clive Holland. 1s. 6d. (Constable.)

Inside and out, Mr. Holland's book is daintily pretty. Even another description of Japanese life and scenery does not tire us when it is so neatly, finely written as his. Perhaps he never takes us inside the real Japan—at least the tone suggests make-believe and playtime, and as the story does the same, we can feel no great anxiety at the thought of the reception of the Japanese wife in England and her possible home-sickness there. Mousmé is charming; she is a toy, of course, but a pretty toy, with winning ways and a kindly heart inside her, and she is very tenderly played with. Mr. Holland has made a graceful sketch, and his publishers have framed it fittingly.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY. Edited by Oswald Crawfurd, and written by Anthony Hope, Violet Hunt, Squire Sprigge, C. Savile Clarke, Ada Leverson, the Editor, etc. (Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Crawfurd takes this new departure in society fiction a little too seriously. It means no great revolution after all. It does not point to an inevitable road for fiction-writers; its uses are strictly limited. And as dulness is even more noticeable in this form than in continuous narrative, many poor authors will be lured by it to disastrous failure. The dialogues here are creditable, and sometimes very amusing, but their success is not first-rate, and the only one of the writers who has the real light conversational touch is Mr. Anthony Hope. They are a trifle monotonous too; the same point of view, the same proprieties, the same kind of cynicism, prevail throughout. That being so, they read better singly in the pages of the different periodicals in which they first appeared, than in the collected form.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN OLD MAID. By Lilian Bell. (Sampson Low.)

The old maid is more concerned with other folks' love affairs than her own. She regards them with a kindly, romantic, critical, and benevolent eye, and, always inspiring confidence, she is privileged to get behind the scenes. Her commentary on engagements and married life is that of a humorous sentimentalist, at once sympathetic and amusing. The accent is American, but we have similar experiences here, and Miss Bell may, therefore, count on appreciative readers among us.

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS. By E. F. Benson. (Osgood.)

Among the many readers of "Dodo" were some unadmiring ones, but there were not many who failed to

recognise a vivacity, an *entrain*, which seemed to them a promise of strength. We are waiting for the fulfilment, though Mr. Benson has published two books since then. Perhaps they are earlier work indiscreetly forced from him by the success of "Dodo." "The Judgment Books" is a poor story, which it were better to pass over in silence were it not that it stirs some indignation. For it spoils a grave subject and a fine one. Not by frivolous treatment, however, but by hysterical sentimentality. His central figure, Frank Trevor, is perhaps the most contemptible of all the artist-heroes of recent fiction. In real life he would probably have been placed under the supervision of a brain specialist. It is no cold study of contemptible human nature. Trevor is treated as a most interesting hero, with a sensitive soul and a terrible past. We are not told anything of the past, but we know that it can only have been terrible in its weakness, silliness, and fatuity. Reading "Dr. Jekyll" is too much for his feeble brain. He sets to work to paint a portrait of himself which shall reflect his soul, but the past gets into it, and makes him look horrible. He shilly-shallies in his likeness between the awful past and the respectable present, leading his wife an intolerable life till she makes him put a dagger through the canvas. It would have been well for her had the dagger struck elsewhere, for he was a poor thing, and not at all interesting.

TWO MISTAKES. By Sydney Christian. (Sampson Low.

The two stories here are made after no pattern in vogue to-day. They are religious, and sentimental, and satirical in their own fashion. Where they seem a little unnatural we feel a conviction that Mr. Christian is at least writing out of his own experience. As a story, "Worldlings" is the better, and its characters are more vividly conceived. Daly Fanshawe, the interesting, utterly selfish, pessimistic ruiner of hearts, is strongly pourtrayed; many more ambitious writers have essayed the type and failed. The central figure, however, is Bess the servant-maid. That we must grant, though her reality is now and again a little doubtful. Her solid virtues, her references to Herbert Spencer and Newman do not stagger us, but she wears a self-conscious air of well-doing and right-thinking that we think, or would like to think, was absent in the real Bess. "Unmarried" is sympathetic and unconventional. A vein of great sweetness runs through it, and, though ill put together and feeble in parts, the defects do not hide the writer's full mind and ability. The two stories are deeply though unobtrusively religious in tone, and if melancholy enough in incident, they breathe a belief in the power of goodness that keeps them above the low-spirited level of most stories of human mistakes.

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT. By Max Pemberton. 1s. 4d. (Cassell.)

We like his "Impregnable City" and his "Iron Pirate" better, and he is more at home with the kinds of adventure contained in these. But Mr. Pemberton is versatile, and in following in the track of the many romance-writers who have been fascinated by the older history of France, he has not failed to find a good story, and to relate it in a spirited fashion. How de Guyon was sent on a shameful mission from the king, to tempt the beautiful and virtuous Gabrielle de Vernet, the "little Huguenot," to his perilous court and his dishonourable favour, and how the envoy was changed from a worldling and a courtier to a heroic defender of virtue and a penitent lover of the good and fair lady, make a tale that keeps the reader's sympathy throughout. One thing hardly satisfies us. The mysterious Père Cavaignac is somewhat wasted; he was meant to be a chief actor in a longer story.

A DIVIDED DUTY. By Ida Lemon. (F. Warne.)

The plot of this story stands in its way. An old crime and its detection serve excellently to make a tragedy, a melodrama, or a tale of detective skill. But for a merely nice story they are little fit. Then the consciousness of writing for some particular audience perhaps weighed on Miss Lemon, and made her force the note of obvious morality and of markedly English sentiment. By its awkward and out of the way sensationalism and by its tone it ranges itself with a class of books to which it is in nearly every way much superior. Miss Lemon has literary ability, humour, and an understanding of human nature quite exceptional. She has done far better work, but in "A Divided Duty" we recognise something of her powers. The transformation she effects, for instance, of a prim governess into a Bohemian art-student, and her studies of French bourgeois interiors are very entertaining. In spite of some weaknesses it is emphatically a "nice story," and it does not deserve that any contempt should attach to that description.

A TORQUAY MARRIAGE. By G. Rayleigh Vicars and Edith Vicars. (Tower Publishing Co.)

There is a deal of theorising in this story, and there are a great many, too many, quotations. The pages of a novel should not be turned into a commonplace book. Where it attempts satire it is very puerile; as, for example, the description of the Reading Society whose object was "the translation of Browning into Yiddish." And there is too much nonsense of this stamp: "In the long run, a man's friends will usually turn out to be those born in the same month as himself, or near it." In spite of all these drawbacks, which make the book a tawdry one, the authors tell a fairly good story, and introduce us to some interesting types of modern character. "A Torquay Marriage," it should be explained, is the name given when two women friends set up house together.

MILADY MONTE CRISTO. By J. P. Marsden. 6s. (Osgood.)

A year or two ago there appeared a very puzzling novel by an American writer, called "The Personal History of Jim Duncan." It interested though it never charmed; indeed, it interested mainly because of the problem it left a reader to solve. Written as an autobiography it was hard to decide whether the writer had, with marvellous artistic skill, entered into the mind and caught the tone and expression of an average man—an average man, however, with some interesting angles and idiosyncrasies—or whether the story in style and matter only reflected Mr. Marsden himself. We never remember to have been equally puzzled in any other autobiographical novel. Its successor, "Milady Monte Cristo," perhaps solves the difficulty. It is also autobiographical in form, and the hero, an ex-clergyman who enters the financial world, is afterwards employed in the American consulate at Paris, and becomes the hero of exciting adventure, is a different person from Jim Duncan. But there is the same tone attaching to his utterances, and the book is written in the same style—very lengthy, very dry, very prosaic, very patient, singularly wanting in charm, but not at all in interest. We are startled every now and again, just as we are startled in listening to the conversation of intelligent and half-educated or uneducatable persons, by here an observation of piercing shrewdness, a point of view really original, and there a reflection of most obvious commonplace wrapped about in solemn words. Mr. Marsden's book at least express a personality. We should not neglect to say that it contains a readable story, in which mail robberies play an exciting part.

WILTON, Q.C., OR LIFE IN A HIGHLAND SHOOTING BOX. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie (née Harley). (Horace Cox.)

The formula for a Highland sport novel is pretty constant. A shooting box with an unpronounceable name; a beneficent laird—one of those magnificent Highlanders with kindly blue eyes, long grey beards to their waists, and swinging gaits, whom we all love; a few natives, with a spokesman of the "Neither have I, too" manner; a party of ladies and gentlemen from the south let loose upon the natives, and turning their glasses on them, much after the fashion of a Naturalist Society out for a holiday, while the laird's daughter, or any neighbour handy, discusses the species. In addition to these *figurants*, a widow woman of doubtful quality, a sympathetic fair maid (probably two such), a duffer Cockney (male), a very bad man, middle aged, and one or two youths, not immaculate, but of lofty and magnanimous nature. The amatory affairs of the party manage to become a terribly ravelled heap (our foot is on our native heath) between the Twelfth and the First, and obligingly consent not to disentangle until the forests close. These are more or less the terms of Mrs. Tweedie's novel. Mr. Fraser is just such a laird, Jean just such a

daughter. We recognise the widow at once when we hear of Mrs. Jackson's "strangely thick throat, and round head like the statues of the Roman Emperors." But we thank Mrs. Tweedie for one thing. She has left the cockney at home. No crofter's cow is mistaken for a deer, and we do not remember that a single pheasant is shot sitting. We are grateful for that. But if Mrs. Tweedie has not a duffer on the spot, she has him in her mind's eye always; and, alas! he is a reader. Some ill-informed reader, with an extraordinary thirst for knowledge. For his benefit she labels her chapters handily, Trout, Blackcock, Partridges, Salmon, Pheasants, Deer-stalking. There are several stages on the primrose way in which the reader is supposed to be anxious to follow the lovers; and at each he is thrown some scraps of information as if he were a dog at luncheon. Thus the Twelfth: "Grouse live on the tender shoots of young heather." Partridges: "In large areas of land partridges thrive well." Salmon (by the way): "Horses are noble animals, and if properly treated are full of good qualities." Deer-stalking: "Deer cast their horns every year." In this way, by the time the autumn is spent, and he is in a position to be informed that Hallowe'en is *Sane-hunin* in Gaelic, and is a festival probably handed down from Druidical times, the reader has gone through an elementary course of Highland sport. We hasten to add that, the instruction apart, he might have spent his holiday in greatly worse company.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ALONSO QUIXANO, otherwise Don Quixote. A Dramatisation of the Novel of Cervantes, and especially of those parts which he left unwritten. By G. E. Morrison. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

We cannot help liking the spirit in which Mr. Morrison has made his attempt at dramatising the immortal story. It is bold, it is interfering, if you will; but the writer is concerned with the real Don Quixote, not the mere hero of ludicrous adventures, but with what he calls "the Christ of fiction." It is, of course, the poles apart from the Lyceum version. The merits of Mr. Morrison's rendering are his prevailing sense of the ideal and the beautiful in the character, his knowledge of the book as a whole, which has enabled him to fill up gaps with coherent and natural incident and conversation, and his very genuine literary ability. Yet we are jealous even of his reverent interference. His development of Don Quixote's niece Antonia from a colourless nobody, in whom Cervantes was not much interested, into a heroic, loving-hearted girl, filled with compassion for and understanding of her uncle—we do not accept quite willingly. And the great stress laid on the more reasonable side of the knight's character, and the little importance given—by way of protest—to the humorous incidents, put a tame and over-sentimental complexion on the story. A dramatic version should have mirrored the general impression. But Mr. Morrison has only failed in honourably attempting the impossible; and as criticism and commentary are often dull in commonplace chapters and paragraphs, we are glad to have them—for it is these he has written—in the more novel form of drama.

THE HARP OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANT. Poems, Songs, and Ballads relating to the Covenanting Struggle. Collected and Edited by John Macfarlane, with a preface by Prof. J. Clark Murray. (A. Gardner.)

If the lyrics of high poetic merit that celebrate the Covenant and its martyrs are few, a collection like this is not indiscreet. Pride of the heroic time is the sincerest and the most universally felt of all the emotions that fire the Lowlanders of Scotland. The pathetic songs, even the crudest of them, are therefore quite unspoilt by any weak sentimentality, and about the rudest of the others there is a stirring echo of "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Allan Cunningham, the Baroness Nairne, Professor Blackie, Motherwell, Professor Veitch, and other well-known writers have been drawn on, though some obscure singers have given the best that is here. At least, for mingled tenderness and spirit, none equals "Kirkbride," the longing of the old Covenanter to be buried where lay so much of "God's redeemed dust."

"Wheesht! did the saft win' speak?
Or a yammerin' nicht bird cry?
Did I dream that a warm haun' touch't my cheek,
And a winsome face gade by?
And a winsome face gade by,
Wi' a far licht in its een,
A licht that bude come frae the dazzlin' sky,
For it spak' o' the starnies' sheen:
Age may be donart, and dazed, and blin',
But I'se warrant, whate'er betide,
A true heart there made tryst wi' my ain,
And the tryst-word seemed, Kirkbride."

The tryst is not with May Moril only, or chiefly, but with his old comrades, and his old place at their side is what he most desires now "in a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride." To Scots far and near the book will call up heart-drawing pictures of

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,"

and of "the hills of home." However, the collection may have to be supplemented, it was one worth making.

BORODIN AND LISZT. By Alfred Habets. Translated with Preface by R. Newmarch. 5s. (Digby.)

There is something to be found in this book by readers interested in the progress and characteristics of modern music, though they will have to extricate what is of value from a heap of trivialities and of gossip. Of Russian music, except Rubinstein's, we English know little, and Borodin's ambitions and achievements rouse curiosity and reveal modern tendencies. His was an interesting personality, and the gossip about him is not all worthless. Liszt's name is included in the title on the strength of references to him in Borodin's letters, but we cannot say the references add "another precious page to the biography of this master." Mr. Habet and Miss Newmarch have between them compiled a tawdry, clumsy book, but musical students would not be wasting their time by looking through its pages in passing.

ST. COLUMBA. The Story of his Life. By Samuel Keyworth. (Hodges.)

The fault of Mr. Keyworth's book is that it aims at doing more than telling the story of St. Columba. He wants to discuss the religious life of to-day, modern tendencies, vices, fallings-away; and he fails, therefore, to retain his reader's attention. Otherwise, judiciously skipped, it will be found a good popular summary of some of the chief events in the pre-Augustine era of English Church history, told simply and with a warm appreciation of the poetry of St. Columba's nature and life. In the prospectus of the series—"Heroes of the Cross"—we read that "the lives will aim to be historical rather than devotional, and controversy will be avoided." Mr. Keyworth has missed his best effect by not adhering to that wise plan; but the interest of his subject saves the book from some of the consequences of his mistake.

BOOKS AND PLAY-BOOKS. Essays on Literature and the Drama. By Brauder Matthews. (Osgood.)

This is a pleasant book to look through, pleasant as a reminder of other books we have enjoyed along with Mr. Matthews, and, save in a few pages, pleasant even to disagree with on occasion. It is evidently a reprint of contributions to periodicals; the subjects are varied enough, and most of them are on what ordinary educated people of to-day are interested in—"The Evolution of Copyright," "The Dramatization of Novels," "Criticism," such popular figures as Mr. Lang and Stevenson, and some of the better known living men of letters in France. There is nothing in the papers to linger over; they are average intelligent journalism exercised on popular literary themes, careless enough at times, and exhibiting now and again the wrong-headedness that comes of hasty writing and desperate seeking for a subject—as when he speaks of "The Body-Snatcher" as one of Stevenson's strongest short stories, or when he reviews "Don Quixote," "The Naulahka," and "La Débâcle" together, and imagines Cervantes reading the second with some satisfaction; or when he says: "Dr. Jekyll" could only have been written by a Scot. But the paper on copyright is useful, and we have read very appreciatively those

on Fenimore Cooper and M. Coppée. Mr. Matthews and his fellow critics in America have not been always kindly treated by English writers, and that they should hurl missiles back is only natural. But this is an ineffective kind of thing to throw. Conceding that British criticism is now "less parochial than it was," he says, "But even now an American of literary taste is simply staggered—there is no other word for it—whenever he reads the weekly reviews of contemporary fiction in the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*, and the *Saturday Review*, and when he sees high praise bestowed on novels so poor that no American pirate imperils his salvation to reprint them." Why, we stagger, too, when we read some trans-Atlantic criticism, but it is politer and much more sensible to recover our balance, and put the disagreement down to a difference of national taste, not of ability. Yet in spite of mistakes in tact, and evidences of hasty, ill-considered work, we repeat that the book is a pleasant one, and more readable than a great deal of reprinted literary journalism on this side of the Atlantic.

THE OLD MISSIONARY. By Sir W. W. Hunter. 1s. net. (Frowde.)

This account of religious life in India makes no exclusive appeal to those interested in missions or religious work of any kind. A reader must be dull indeed that is not touched to the heart by the beauty of the pictures of human goodness it contains. Perhaps anything more unsectarian was never written; with an impartiality born of an exquisite understanding of each, the character and work of Catholic and Protestant, of native and of European, are sympathetically interpreted, from Father Jerome and the Scottish Episcopalian "Old Missionary" to the grave Brahman who says, "A revealed religion is a short cut to a false sense of certainty in regard to divine things." The beautiful appreciation of various religious effort is perhaps the most noteworthy thing about this charmingly written book; but to many the story of the "Old Missionary's" pure excellence, and of the life of his lonely child at the mission station, will prove a stronger attraction.

HENRY WILLIAM CROSSKEY: His Life and Work. By R. A. Armstrong. With Chapters by the Rev. E. F. M. MacCarthy and Charles Lapworth. 7s. 6d. (Cornish, Birmingham.)

An understanding of much of the best life of England is to be obtained from a book like this, the biography of a man of high intellectual faculties, moral worth, and public spirit, who spent his energies away from London, and who was a centre of energy wherever he lived. Dr. Crosskey's reputation was far wider than the boundaries of Birmingham, but it was to the intellectual and social betterment of that busy centre that he gave himself, seeking no other reward than the collaboration of his fellow-citizens in his schemes and ideals. Provincial and Dissenter, it is to men like him Londoners look for light and moral leading. The letters given here reveal to those to whom he was a stranger a character of singular beauty and attractiveness.

THE STORY OF THE PLANTS. By Grant Allen. 1s. (Newnes.)

This kind of book is not easy to write. To give the results of the latest scientific discoveries; to treat the subject in a scientific method, for students without previous knowledge and with little time at their disposal; to be accurate and at the same time entertaining, is about as difficult a task as could be achieved. Mr. Grant Allen was the man to do it, and his chapters on how plants eat, drink, marry, what they do for their young, are models of original, interesting, and simple treatment. He asks scientific readers to forgive some concessions to the weaker brethren, but the concessions are mostly in the matter of names. The treatment is none the less scientific that it appeals to ignorant readers through their knowledge of more familiar things. Botany is often made a terrible thing to beginners, but this little book will open many eyes and understandings to the wonders of the fields, and be a companion to many hundreds of holiday-makers. Mr. Allen is companionable rather than pedagogic in his methods of instruction.

LATIN PROSE OF THE SILVER AGE. Selections edited by C. E. Brownrigg. With an Introduction by T. H. Warren. 4s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Mr. Brownrigg has compiled a book with the benefit of upper-form schoolboys in his eye. But it will find its best appreciation outside these, among other students and general readers who have not forgotten all their Latin, and who will be glad to find within the same covers samples of a literature less majestic than that presented to them at school, but perhaps not a bit less interesting. The selections from the ten writers—Velleius, Seneca, Paterculus, Petronius, the two Plinys, Quintilian, Tacitus, Suetonius, Apuleius, and Aulus Gellius, have been made with a right instinct for what is humanly interesting. We think they should have been more numerous, but that would perhaps have defeated Mr. Brownrigg's plan for the culture of his schoolboys. Let him make a bigger book of the kind some day. The notes are practical, and the biographical introduction to the writers is exceptionally good. Mr. Warren's part in the production is unsatisfactory. Very likely he was hampered by his opinion that boys should not be diverted from Virgil and Horace by the decadent beauties of Petronius and Apuleius. He has a good deal to say about the Silver Age historically that is true and apt, but about its literary merits he is cold, not merely in the spirit of a strict classicist, but mainly, we feel, because he is addressing schoolboys. He admits the age is interesting, but as to why it was so—save for the irrelevant reason that it saw the beginnings of Christianity—he is vague. The pedagogic attitude is never quite sincere. His preface will tempt no one to tackle Mr. Brownrigg's Selections.

AD SODALES. By Frank Taylor. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

Mr. Taylor does not take himself too seriously. When sentimental he is restrainedly so, and he is more at ease in a gently mocking mood. The tone and atmosphere of his verses, Oxford ones, are very knowing, well-bred, graceful, not erring by extravagance. There is in him the promise of a pleasant and humorous literary ability, at least, and his "Ad Sodales" has a number of amusing pages in it—none more so than that which contains the address "To Diva, who would marry him":

> "Diva, 'tis fair, indeed, 'tis passing fair,
> This bad, unblest, probationary time;
> I know the purer joys that wait elsewhere,
> Above, beyond, this planet's grief and grime;
> But grant me one sweet respite, ere I try
> Those other blisses, lest they be too high."

HANS BREITMANN IN GERMANY-TYROL. By Charles G. Leland. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Perhaps the collector of legends or the student of peoples is too solemn a person to tolerate Hans Breitmann's good, bad, indifferent, but always good-humoured jokes; and the reader whose tastes lie in comic directions may not relish the occasional underlying seriousness of these unconventional travel-sketches. But they can hardly be a small company who will respond to his twinkle, forgive his atrocious puns, and admire his marvellous gift for parodying the spirit and the letter of Teutonic style and attitude. He seems to laugh at all the guide-books in the world, but first of all he has been in the places out of which he spins his droll stories and laughing philosophy, and has taken from them learning and observation enough to endow half-a-dozen solemn professors. You may like or dislike his mixture of scholar, pilgrim, and buffoon, but you will be won over to good humour and good spirits before you reach the last page, either by a story, a ballad, or a generalisation like this one, explanatory of the German tourist's habit of carrying an opera-glass: "De reason for dis uncessant telescoping, I kess, is dot der Deutscher is never satisfyed mit vot de eye take in naturally, or mit de peautiful scenery vot he can *see*—he always vant to pehold dot vitch is *not* fisible und crasp de unforeseen Infinite. If he hafe in sight a mountain, mit cloudts a vlyin' ofer its snowy soomit like treams of yout' ofer the hat of an old man shleepin'—und foaming torrents rooshing down its site, like vite silfer stripes down de green robe of an old Irish bard—denn der Deutscher vouldn't dink he hafe seen dot moundain at all—*keineswegs*, or no-ways, oonles he desgry mit de ootmost persbicacity all de stocks und stones und dings, all ofer de *Gebirge*, und dis he gall *accurat* perception!"

## THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

### REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

*Editor of the Young Author's Page,*
*'Bookman' Office,*
*27, Paternoster Row, London,*

*to whom all MSS. must be addressed.*

*The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.*

A FEW.—The situation is a very interesting one. In answer to your query I should say the characters are "made to declare themselves." At least it is so with the woman. But I am not satisfied with the form of the story. Are you? Dialogue is often a lively method. But it is not fitted for long, detailed explanations such as these ex-lovers deal in, and which have, I fear, the air of preaching. I don't like to suggest correspondence as a substitute, for stories in letters are so often dull, but if you are to develop your situation by explanations, I think it would be better than dialogue. In its present form a woman's journal of somewhat forward views might accept it, as in propaganda preaching is not objected to.

JEAN AUCHINDACHY.—The past tense would be effective, but it is difficult to keep it up in this particular poem. Some of the second lines of your stanzas need trimming and pruning. There are good verses. "Now king-cups, etc.," is such. The last is weak. I'd omit it or write it again.

CAIRNGORM.—Very fresh and breezy, except the scene beginning on p. 7, which is not in your fitting vein, but is morbid and a little dull. I cannot suggest an end, of course, but the continuation should concern itself mainly with F. Don't make it much longer. And be sparing in your use of strong language. It doesn't always add point and colour.

CARABINIER.—The last verse of "The River" reads rather like an anti-climax, till one realizes, by reflection, that the speaker's purpose has been defeated. Even after reflection, it is unsatisfactory. If you were not hampered by truth you could make a more effective end by plunging into the stream, and daring the terrible consequences. The other sets of verses are not nearly so good, and as the verse is jingly, I should not advise your mending them in their present form. I owe you the criticism of a story sent some time ago—the public library sketch. It is good—the best of your prose I have seen, though a trifle heavy now and again. I should omit the sentence in par. 3 about your literary taste. If you could keep the thing up, you might make a very engaging heroine of fiction.

COLE.—Has good points. Some editors would think it rather too cynical for their journals. Its end precludes its admittance to any of the amiable domestic kind. It wants a little revision. In the last page, owing to a confusion of pronouns, I was in doubt for some time as to who was attacked.

DEMOCRITUS.—The blank verse is poor, but it is better than the matter it clothes. Do you think a dying man would be so bumptious? Throw rhetoric away, and write out of your own experience.

DISC.—Good. It would be more effective in a series. And if the stories were drawn straight from life, as I suppose this one is, they might make a valuable series. By itself this suffers from a slight downfall of interest towards the end. It would be more effective if you stopped at the child's funeral, giving a verse of the no doubt picturesque epitaph the survivors chose.

ELLIBERT.—Interesting matter. I think it might be written a little more attractively. At least, you should avoid the so frequent repetition of the same word. A cyclists' journal might be glad to have this and similar papers.

F. E. Y.—(1) Very pretty. (2) Something necessary to the sense is omitted in the third stanza. (3) Too long for the subject, and the morals are too complicated for children. Send 1 and 4 to try their fortunes.

GALLICAN.—I should advise you to write to the publisher (Calmann Lévy, I think). It seems improbable that the book should not have been already translated. The specimen sent is hardly enough to judge from. It is clear and grammatical, but that portion of the book presents no difficulty at all.

J. K.—It would be impossible to criticise the matter of your MS. without a lengthy argument. That I imagine you do not want, for I gather you wish it to be published because you have a burning conviction on the theories it sets forth. You state your meaning clearly, and all, save the preface, is well written. The preface should be revised, if not omitted. It is a harsh-sounding bit of English. Why "tricks of imagination"? There is enough "copy" to make a thin pamphlet. Are you prepared to print it at your own expense? It is not popular literature.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.—Last line of stanza one a little too obvious. Last two of closing stanza conventional. The verse is pleasing. There is hardly enough thought or imagery in it to satisfactorily fill six stanzas. The sonnet has a certain dignity of sound. But there is an unbecoming note of dogma in it. The moral, if you draw one at all from the scene, should merely be suggested. The hymn is much above the average of religious poetry. It has a sincerity, expressed by vivid language, which is rare. You should send it to a religious journal. The ballad has a good many faults. "Travél" is impossible, the metre is halting, and the whole is too wordy.

L. F.—I cannot judge of its technical accuracy, but the expository part is distinctly able. Diagrams are needed. Unless the same thing has been done frequently, I think its clearness and brevity would recommend it to the editor of a popular scientific paper. You might mention the cost of the apparatus.

LAST MATCH.—Painful, and, like a good many "incidents" founded on fact, not very suitable for fiction. A story should please, or instruct, or interest by its delineation of character, or by its dramatic qualities. But this does not please or instruct; none of the persons are marked off from the others, save by names and circumstances having nothing to do with character; and there is nothing dramatic in the frenzy of a madman. This is an anecdote, not a story. Even were it better, I think it is a mistake to tack it on to a reference to matches.

NEMO.—You must think very profoundly before you are excused from taking care of the form of your expression. But I can hardly believe you sent your MS. with any serious purpose.

NORTHWIND.—A clever fragment, but useless as it is. Of course it is worth finishing.

R. B. N.—There are so many slips in grammar, spelling, punctuation, and other trifles, that it is not easy to do justice to the story. But its form would be much improved by changing it from the conversational form to an ordinary narrative. Thus you would omit the dull introductory dialogue. Such introductions are always dull. Your MS. needs a great deal of revision. If the story interests you very much it is worth taking trouble over.

RASAW.—A very poetical conception. Try to make the verse worthy of it. It wants simple treatment, as pictorial as possible, and little fine language. I shall be glad to read it when it satisfies you. The lyric you send is too much of a grumble to be really poetry. The first line is bad—mere jingle. And keep to one scheme of rhyme. I hope you will work at the longer poem more thoroughly than at this.

TOMMY ROTKINS.—The two short notices are fair. No doubt you have seen much worse in print. I have. But there is nothing in them to test the writer's judgment and ability. The review of "Social Evolution," however, is good. It is serious; it proves the book to have been read and digested, and the chief points are taken up intelligently. (But Mr. Kidd's proposition on p. 5 is not very thoroughly dealt with.) The style is not very bright. It would not attract an editor, but it shows enough ability of the kind needed to give hope of employment. Don't try in too ambitious quarters to begin with.

SILVA.—There are vigorous lines in the first three stanzas, but the MS. is so illegible that I cannot undertake to criticise it as a whole.

THALASSA.—The idea is, I think, an excellent one, and well carried out. There might be some objections to your alterations, but these, so far as I have tested them, are perhaps necessary, and have been made in an intelligent way. I think that with a little perseverance you will get the booklet accepted. It suggests another, perhaps more than one, the material for which would have to be gathered from outside the Bible. Your preface might be improved, but should not be omitted. "It has" (line 2) should, of course, be "they have." I should leave out the ultra-humble second sentence altogether. As to the letter addressed to publishers, the form of words you suggest would do. Give very shortly the plan and size of the book, and ask if you may submit it to them.

THERESA.—There is enough matter in the story to satisfactorily fill five-and-twenty pages, not a hundred. I cannot advise you to seek its publication in its present form, because the numerous conversations are tedious. It would be far more effective if the mystery were explained sooner. With regard to style, the sentences, especially in the first part, are inordinately long. I think you would be more successful as a writer for children, with whom you seem to have sympathy.

TONY.—Good for reading aloud at a discussion meeting. Indeed, as it presents only one side of the question, it looks as if it had been written for that purpose. Your contentions on pp. 2, 7, and 8 are very easily replied to. Now, as a mental training, write another short paper to confute this one.

VULCAN.—I cannot understand it. Can you conscientiously say that you do? But, at least, I am aware of the capricious change of metre and the impossible rhymes. It would be an excellent exercise to write out in prose the meaning of such lines as "I have seen the green woods teeming With a proud nocturnal glow." Verse-writing is a serious and difficult operation. But at the back of a good deal of what I am sure six months hence you will forgive me for calling nonsense, I can see a genuine love of beautiful things, and that is not to be undervalued. Don't dishonour it by too faulty an expression.

W. N. C.—Much too long. And the rhythm is very sing-song. If you want to see in perfection the thing that you are striving after, read Heine's lyrics. Even a translation would teach you brevity. Twelve lines would have been about his allowance for the expression of your thought.

WOODCARVER.—I strongly advise you to give up verse and to write your thoughts in prose. Verse is so agreeable a pastime that I would not counsel you thus if there were any hope of improvement. But when, in a long poem, hardly a line scans, and when the search for rhymes makes you do yourself constant injustice, by writing words and phrases that you would know too well to write in prose, there can be little hope. Still an examination of some good simple verse of easy metre—the "Wreck of the Hesperus," for example, or "Lord

Ullin's Daughter"—would teach you where you go wrong. A sense of metre can be acquired, but out of a late-acquired sense, good verse will never grow.

Yellowstone—(1) Very painstaking, and your pains have not been all wasted. But it is not a subject of general interest, and editors have to think of that. I shouldn't advise you to court disappointment by sending it out again. (2) Much more promising. You could get it inserted in a sport journal, I am sure. Omit the last paragraph. The fact that ends the previous one makes a fine close. About payment I should be very doubtful. It would be trifling to begin with.

Yeolek.—Obscure. The construction is most involved from "Not the prayers—stars." The rhythm of some of the lines is good, and the sense when one gets at it all right. But try to write in a simpler and directer way.

## THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bert, J. A.—A New Life in Christ, 6/6 .....Hodder & Stoughton
Chase, F. H.—The Syro-Latin Text of the Gospels, 7/6 net Macmillan
Davison, W. T.—The Lord's Supper, 2/- .....Kelly
Expositor's Bible, The, The Book of Jeremiah, chaps. xxi-lii., by W. H. Bennett, 7/6.....Hodder & Stoughton
Genesis, First Chapter of, justified by the Teaching of Modern Science, by S. J. L., 2/6.....
Hastings, H. L.—Pauline Theology on the Doctrine of Immortality and of Death as the Destiny of the Wicked .....Stock
Illingworth, J. R.—Personality, Human and Divine, 6/- Macmillan
[*The Bampton Lecture for* 1894.]
Jowett, J. H.—The Duty of being Young, 1d. .....Allenson
[*A cheerful tract addressed to young people.*]
King, Rev. J.—Ten Decades, the Australian Centenary Story of the London Missionary Society, 2/- .....Snow
McKinney, S. B. G.—The Origin and Nature of Man.....E. Stock
[*A repetition of a common discontent with either the ideas or the manner of speech—it is difficult to say which—of evolutionists. It is a vague cry for the Ideal, but not very suggestive.*]
Octave Sermons.....Arrowsmith
[*Sermons preached in Bristol Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Gloucester, Canon Barnett, and other eminent Churchmen, on the occasion of the Restoration of the Choir, with a historical and architectural sketch of the cathedral by R. H. Warren.*
Pearson, S.—Scholars of Christ, 6/-.....K. Paul
Plato, a Selection of Passages from the Translation, by B. Jowett, edited by M. J. Knight, 2 vols., 12/- .....Oxford Press
Reynolds, H. R.—Lamps of the Temple, 3/6 .....R.T.S.
Rivington, The Rev. Luke.—Anglican Fallacies, 8d.....C.T.S.
[*These criticisms of Lord Halifax's arguments and points of view are interesting at this moment when the question of Reunion is agitating Catholics and Anglicans. Father Rivington's pamphlet very conveniently sets forth the Catholic standpoint on some vital matters.*]
Stanley, H. M.—Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling, 7/6.....Sonnenschein
Welsh, Rev. R. E.—In Relief of Doubt, 3/6 .....J. Clarke
Whittaker, T.—Essays and Notices, 16/- .....Unwin

### FICTION.

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Boyesen, H. H.—Norseland Tales, 2/6.....Nelson
Bourne, A. M.—A Mystery of the Cordillera, 3/6 net .....Bellairs
Corbett, Mrs. G.—Deb o' Mally's, 2 vols., 21/-.....Hurst
Cameron, Mrs. L.—A Bad Lot, a Novel, 2/6 .....White
Chambers, R. W.—The King in Yellow, 2/6 .....Chatto
[*See p.* 29.]
Cleeves, L.—The Woman who Wouldn't, 3/6.....Simpkin
Crosse, V.—The Woman who Didn't (Keynote Series) .....Lane
[*A clumsy, absurd, and vulgar story.*]
Cuninghame, Lady F.—A Sin of the Soul, 6/- .....H. Cox
Dawe, W. C.—Yellow and White, 3/6 net .....Lane
Dialogues of the Day, edited by Oswald Crawfurd, and written by A. Hope and others, 5/-.....Chapman
[*See p.* 30.]
Douglas, G., and Derrick, H.—Caller Herrin, 1/- Wright, Glasgow
[*A kindly and able story of Scotch fisher folk.*]
Ellis, E. J.—The Man of Seven Offers, 2/- .....Ward & Downey
Ellis, E. S.—The Path in the Ravine, 2/6.....Cassell
Farrell, A.—Lady Lovan .....Hutchinson
Fulmer, Petrel.—Grania Waile, 6/.....Unwin
Gaunt, M.—The Moving Finger, 3/6 .....Methuen
[*See p.* 17.]
Gilmore, M.—The Woman Who Stood Between, 3/6.... Routledge
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[*See p.* 30.]
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[*See p.* 30.]
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Robins, G.M.—To Set Her Free, 2 vols., 14/- ..... Hurst
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Rowlands, E. A.—The Woman who Came Between, 6d. .. Pearson
[*A very good specimen of the better class popular romance. It shows talent, and the tone is wholesome.*]
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Russell, F. M. M.—A Social Failure ..... Simpkin
Sherard, R. H.—Jacob Niemand, a Novel, 6/- ....Ward & Downey
Somerville, E. A., and Ross, M.—The Real Charlotte, 6/- Ward & Downey
Stooke, E. M.—Not Exactly, 3/6..... Arrowsmith
Strain, E. H.—A Man's Foes, 3 vols., 15/-..... Ward & Lock
Street, L.—The Little Plain Woman and Others, 3/6..... Unwin
Tolstoi, Count L.—Ivan the Fool, and three other Parables, 2/-, in box Scott
Turner, E.—The Story of a Baby, Nautilus Series, 2/6, Ward & Lock
Turgenev, I.—A Sportsman's Sketches, translated by C. Garnett, 2 vols, 6/- net ..... Heinemann
Turgenieff, J.—Fathers and Children, 3/6 net .....Heinemann
Vallings, H.—A Month of Madness ..... Bentley
Weyman, S.—From the Memoirs of a Minister of France, 6/-, Cassell
Winter, J. S.—A Seventh Child, a Novel, 2/-..... White
Whitby, B.—A Matter of Skill, and other Stories, 3/6 ..... Hurst
Wynman, M.—My Flirtations, 2/- ..... Chatto
Yonge, C. M.—The Carbonels, 3/6 ..... National Society
Zola, E.—The Ladies' Paradise, with Introduction by E. A. Vizetelly, 3/6..... Hutchinson
[*See p.* 30.]

#### New Editions.

Carleton, W.—Fardorougha the Miser, 2/6 ..... Ward & Downey
Eliot, G.—The Works of, Scenes of Clerical Life, 2 vols., 5/- Blackwood
Hardy, T.—The Return of the Native, 6/- ..... Osgood
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Kingsley, C.—Westward Ho! 2 vols., 3/- ..... Macmillan
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Wallace, Lew.—Ben-Hur, 2/. ..... S.S.U.
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English Minstrelsie, edited by S. Baring Gould, vol. 2. Jack, Edinburgh
Findlater, M. W.—Sonnets and Songs, 2/6 .....Nutt
[*Thoughtful and touching poems.*]
Goodchild, J. A.—The Two Thrones, etc.....K. Paul
Greig, John, edited by.—The Musical Educator, part 2 Jack, Edinburgh
[*A very comprehensive musical guide to the theory and practice of vocal and instrumental music. It contains articles and continuous instruction by specialists on almost every subject interesting to students of music.*]
Hailstone, H.—Verses and Translations, 3/- .....Simpkin
Holly and Mistletoe, by E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, and R. le Gallienne Marcus Ward
[*A Christmas gift-book already, and a very charming one. The three lyrics by these well-known writers are printed and illustrated artistically in black and red, and the white and gold binding is tasteful and pleasing.*]
Kenna, F.—Songs of a Season, 2/6 .....Melville, Mullen
[*Verses mostly reprinted from the "Sydney Bulletin." Many of them are pleasing in a melancholy fashion, and all are above the average of minor verse in evidence of culture.*]
Macfarlane, J.—The Harp of the Scottish Covenant, 6/- ..Gardner
Maeterlinck, M.—Pelleas and Melisanda, and The Sightless, trans. by L. Alma Tadema, 1/6..... W. Scott
[*See p.* 26.]

MALLETT, J. R.—A Life's History, told in Homely Verse ....Bentley
[*These domestic verses have been recited in public, and have touched the susceptibility of audiences. In type their collected domesticity seems just a little nauseous.*]
OSMASTON, F. P.—Dramatic Monologues .....K. Paul
Shakespeare, The Temple. Henry VIII., Hamlet, 1/6 net each..Dent
[*The Temple Shakespeare is maintaining its reputation as the handiest and the most artistic of the cheap editions.*]
Shakespeare's Works, Victoria Edition, 3 vols., 3/6 each ..Macmillan
Sintram, a Northern Drama, by A Graduate of Balliol.....K. Paul
STANDING, P. C.—Chateaux en Espagne, 3/6.....Digby
[*Mr. Standing is master of a rhythm which sets itself instinctively to several popular airs of the day. He will possibly find the right words soon—he has almost done it in one or two cases—and then he will be something more successful than a mere minor poet.*]

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

AUBREY, W. H. S.—The Rise and Growth of the English Nation, vol. 2, 7/6 .....Stock
BOURGET, P.—Outre-Mer, Impressions of America, 16/- .....Unwin
[*See p.* 29.]
BRYSON, Mrs.—Fred. C. Roberts of Tientsin .....Allenson
[*The life of a devoted Chinese missionary.*]
CALVERT, A. F.—The Exploration of Australia, 10/6 .....Philip
CARR, J. A.—The Life and Times of James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, 10/6.....Wells, Gardner
[*See p.* 23.]
CLERKE, A. M.—The Herschels and Modern Astronomy. Century Science Series .....Cassell
COWPER, F.—Sailing Tours, part 4, 10/6 .....Gill
DE CRESPIGNY, R. C.—The New Forest, its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs, 7/6 ..... Murray
HANNA, H. B.—Indian Scientific Frontier: Where is it? What is it? 2/6 . .....A. Constable
HEPBURN, Rev. J. D.—Twenty Years in Khama's Country, 6/- Hodder & Stoughton
HUNTER, Sir W. W.—The Old Missionary, 1/- .....Frowde
[*See p.* 33.]
HUTTON, W. H.—King and Baronage. Oxford Manuals of English History .....Blackie
[*Keeps up the reputation of Messrs. Blackie's excellent school text-books.*]
INNES, M. C.—Memoir of Wm. Wolesley, 9/- .....K. Paul
KERR, D. R.—St. Andrews in 1645-46, 2/6.....Blackwood
LELAND, C. G.—Hans Breitmann in Germany. Tyrol, 3/6....Unwin
[*See p.* 33.]
LE NORMAND, Mlle. M. A.—The Historical and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, 2 vols., 21/- net .....Nichols
Liebig. J. von, Life and Work of, by W. A. Shenstone, 3/6 ...Cassell
MUNDELL, F.—Stories of North Pole Adventure, 1/6 .....S.S.U.
[*A very well compiled narrative of the chief attempts at Arctic exploration. It will make an excellent gift or prize-book for boys.*]
Napoleon's Last Voyages, the Diaries of Admiral Sir F. Ussher and J. R. Glover, with Notes and Illustrations, 10/6..Unwin
On Either Side of the Red Sea, by H.M.B., C.E.B., and T.B., 10/6 net Stanford
POLLARD, E. F.—The Story of Princess Alice, 1/-.....S.S.U.
[*The story of Princess Alice from the domestic point of view.*]
RANSOME, C.—An Advanced History of England, 7/6 Rivington & Percival
RAVEN, J. J.—The History of Suffolk, 7/6.....Stock
RUSSELL, P.—Sir Henry Irving (Men and Women of the Century), 6/- Champness
[*A rhapsodical and rather fulsome account of Sir Henry's career and genius.*]
SEEBOHM, H. E.—On the Structure of Greek Tribal Society, 5/- net Macmillan
SEWELL, E. M.—Outline History of Italy from the Fall of the Western Empire, 2/6 .....Longmans
SIMS, G. R.—Dagonet Abroad, 3/6.....Chatto
TRISTRAM, H. B.—Rambles in Japan, 10/6 .....R.T.S.
TYTLER, S.—Tudor Queens and Princesses, 5/-.....Nisbet
Ussher, James, Archbishop of Armagh, Life and Times of, by J. A. Carr, 10/6.....Wells & Gardner
WOODS, Mrs. R. W.—An Every-Day Life, 21/-.....Leadenhall Press
YOUNG, R. A.—Mutiny of the Bounty and Story of Pitcairn Island, 1790-1894, 5/-
WRIGHT, Dr. W.—An Account of Palmyra and Zenobia, 7/6..Nelson
[*See p.* 28.]

## LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ALDIS, Mrs. W. S.—Consider the Heavens, a Popular Introduction to Astronomy, 2/6.....R.T.S.
APPLEBY, C. J.—Illustrated Handbook of Machinery, Section 4, 3/6; Section 6, Part A, 2/6
BECK, C.—Manual of the Modern Theory and Technique of Surgical Asepsis, 7/6 net.....Kimpton
CAMPBELL, D.—Higher English.....Blackie
[*Lessons on the history of the English language. The divisions of literature; prosody; composition; etc., briefly and clearly explained. With some supplementary information from the teacher, it should be enough for the requirements of the upper forms in secondary schools.*]
CARROUE, P.—A New Book of the Commercial French Grammar, 4/6 Lockwood
COLLET, H.—Water Softening and Purification, 5/-.....Spon
DARBISHIRE, late H. D.—Reliquiæ Philologicæ, Essays in Comparative Philology, 7/6.....Cambridge Press
Descriptive Album of London, 6/-.....Simpkin
DONALDSON, H. H.—The Growth of the Brain, 3/6.....Scott
[*A useful summary of the latest researches on many points of the greatest importance to the physician, the teacher, and the general student of neurology. The chapters on the Architecture of the Central Nervous System and on the Education of the Nervous System are specially able expositions of their subjects.*]
GAEVENITZ, Dr. G. VON SCHULZE.—The Cotton Trade in England and on the Continent, 5/-.....Simpkin
GLEN, R. C., and BETHUNE, A. A.—Law relating to Streets and Buildings in the Metropolis, 25/-.....Knight
GREEN, Lieut.-Col. A. O.—A Practical Hindustani Grammar, Part 1, 8/6; Part 2, 7/6.....Frowde
HARCOURT, L.—German for Beginners, 2/6 net.....Whittaker
HEWITT, J. F.—The Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times in India, etc., vols. 2, 12/- .....A. Constable
HYSLOP, T. B.—Mental Physiology, 18/-.....Churchill
JANNARIS, A. N.—Concise Dictionary of the English and Modern Greek Languages (English-Greek), 10/6.....Murray
JONES, R.—Peasant Rents, being the First Half of an Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, 3/- net.....Macmillan
KERR, R.—Hidden Beauties of Nature, 3/6.....R.T.S.
KOTZEBUE, A. von.—Die deutschen Kleinstadter, Lustspiel in vier Acten, ed. by Matthews and Witherby, 2/-...Rivington
LASSAR-COHN, Dr.—Laboratory Manual of Organic Chemistry, 8/6
Latin Prose Versions by Various Scholars, edited by G. G. Ramsay, 5/- Oxford Press
LONEY, S. L.—Elements of Co-ordinate Geometry, 4/6.....Macmillan
LUCAS, W. J.—The Book of British Hawk-Moths, 3/6.....Gill
MORAN, Rev. J. A.—Aids to French Prose, 2/-.....Simpkin
MUTHER, R.—History of Modern Painting, vol. 1, 18/- net.....Henry
NOCARD, E.—The Animal Tuberculoses and their Relation to Human Tuberculosis, trans. by H. Scurfield, 4/-.....Bailliere
Pictures from *Punch*, vol. 4, 6/-; vols. 3 and 4 in 1 vol., 10/6 Bradbury
PIRRIE, W.—A Technical Dictionary (English-French and French-English) of Sea Terms, Phrases, and Words, 5/- Lockwood
QUINN, Rev. D. A.—Stenotypy Continental Printing Co., Providence
[*A system of shorthand to be used by those who employ the type-writer.*]
RANSOME, J. S.—Modern Wood-Working Machinery, 3/6.....Rider
REYNOLDS, M.—First Principles of the Locomotive, illustrated, 2/6 Biggs
RICHARDSON, R.—The County of Edinburgh or Midlothian, its Geology, etc., 2/- net
Round the World, from London Bridge to Charing Cross, *via* Yokohama and Chicago, 10/6
RUSSELL, W. H.—The Hire-Purchase System, an Epitome of the Law, 2/6 net..... Waterlow
SARGENT, J. Y.—Dano-Norwegian Reader, 3/6.....Sonnenschein
SAVAGE, E. B.—Sewerage and Sewage Disposal of a Small Town, 5/-
SCHRAMMEN, Prof. J.—Legends of German Heroes of the Middle Ages, with Notes by A. R. Lechner, 2/-.....Rivington
SLEMAN, Surgeon-Captain.—The Volunteer Surgeon's Guide, 3/6 Clowes
SNELL, E.—Eyesight and School Life, illustrated, 2/6.....Simpkin
STORM, T.—Immensee, with Notes by H. S. B. Webb, 2/- Rivington
THOMSON, W. S.—Exercises in Statistical Calculations, or Digesting Returns into Summaries, 1/6.....Simpkin
[*An original text-book. Facts are supplied in a jumbled mass, and the pupil is instructed how to reduce them to order and bring out their conclusions.*]
THOMPSON, D. W.—A Glossary of Greek Birds, 10/- net.....Frowde
THOMPSON, S. P.—Polyphase Electric Currents and Alternate Current Motors, 12/6.....Spon
THONNER, F.—Analytical Key to the Natural Orders of Flowering Plants, 2/- .....Sonnenschein
THORNTON, J.—Manual of Book-keeping, 7/6.....Macmillan
[*This will probably soon take its place as the standard text-book on the subject. The theory has never been so intelligently explained nor the practice so clearly illustrated.*]
USHER, J. T.—The Modern Machinist, 9/-.....Spon
Vergil in the Middle Ages, by D. Comparetti, translated by E. F. M. Benecke, 7/6
WALTERS, W. C. F.—Hints and Helps in Continuous Latin Prose, 2/- Blackie
[*There is good, useful work supplied here for at least two terms to pupils who have already gained a general knowledge of Latin syntax.*]

### NEW EDITION.

THOMSON, W. S.—The Essentials of Mensuration, 1/6.....Simpkin
[*The third edition of this practical handbook, intended for candidates for public examinations, has been considerably and usefully enlarged.*]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRD, H. E.—Chess Novelties, 3/6.....Warne
COOKE, J. H.—The Conduct of Public Meetings, 1/6 Alexander & Shepheard
[*Not an exhaustive handbook, but even secretaries and committeemen who know Palgrave may sometimes be glad to refer to this less formal and often suggestive guide.*]
EYRE-TODD, G.—Vignettes of the North, 1/-.....Morison, Glasgow
[*Pleasant sketches and reminiscences, the outcome of many wanderings through historic and legendary Scotland.*]
How to Enjoy a Holiday.....Unicorn Press
[*Shows a laudable appreciation of holidays, and gives some good advice, which the unpractised in holiday taking and making may not find superfluous.*]
MACDONALD, A. L.—"Autocrat" Birthday Book, The, 1/6....S.S.U.
[*Cleverly selected from Oliver Wendell Holmes.*]
MARSTON, R. B., edited by.—Angling, 1/-.....F. Warne
[*Mr. Burgess's well-known and excellent guide, published in 1867, has been revised and brought down to date by Mr. Marston, while Mr. Jardine adds a special chapter on Pike Fishing. All that books can teach on the subject will be found here and in pleasant form.*]
MEADOWS, L.—Watched by Wolves, and other Anecdotes of Animals, 2/6.....Roxburghe Press
MILLER, Rev. J. R.—Home-Making, 3/6 .....S.S.U
[*Chapters on the respective duties of husbands, wives, and children.*]

Miller, J. R.—A Message for the Day, a Year's Daily Readings, 3/6 Hodder & Stoughton
Nitti, F. S.—Catholic Socialism, trans. by M. Mackintosh, 10/6 Sonnenschein
O'Connor, T. P.—Some Old Love Stories.....Chapman
Parfait, P.—Pilgrimage Notes, translated by a Denizen of Pump Court. 3/6.....Simpkin
Practical Series of Varied Occupations: Course 3, Cardboard Modelling, by Nelson and Sutcliffe, 2/6
Sargent, H. R.—Thoughts upon Sport, 10/6.....Simpkin
Saxby, J. M. E.—The Saga Book of Lunda, illustrated, 2/6
South-Western Railway Official Guide, Abridged and Popular Edition, 3d. .....Cassell
[*With accurate information and good illustrations.*]
Stackpoole, F.—The Care of Infants and Young Children (Everyday Help Series), 6d.....W. Scott
Stackpoole, F.—Invalid Feeding (Everday Help Series), 6d. W. Scott
[*Contains a good many new recipes, besides sensible theories.*]
Trydell, Major W. F.—The Quartermaster's Guide, 2/6.....Clowes
Wright, G. H. B.—Was Israel ever in Egypt? 7/6 Williams & Norgat

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between August 15th and September 15th, 1895:—

### LONDON, W.C.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier.
2. Badminton Library. Sea Fishing.
3. Joan Haste. Haggard.
4. Arthur Roberts, Adventures of.
5. Crimea. By Sir Evelyn Wood.
6. Illingworth's Bampton Lectures. Cheap edition.

Trade has already begun to look up, although very little is being published even now.

### LONDON, E.C.

1. God and the Ant. 1s. (Ward & Lock.)
2. Illingworth's Bampton Lectures. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Boscawen's Bible and the Monuments. 5s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
4. Sea Fishing. Badminton. 10s. 6d. (Longman.)
5. Murray's Holiest of All. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
6. Garden of Pleasure. E. V. B. 5s. (Stock.)

### LIVERPOOL.

1. Memoirs of Minister of France. 6s. (Cassell.)
2. Times Atlas, half morocco and cloth.
3. Some Old Love Stories. 5s. (Chapman & Hall.)
4. Kipling's Novels. 6s.
5. Adventures of Captain Horn. 6s. (Cassell.)
6. Joan Haste. 6s. (Longmans.)

### MANCHESTER.

1. Trilby.
2. Joan Haste.
3. Woman who Didn't.
4. Refugees. 3s. 6d.
5. Crockett's Books.

### BURNLEY.

1. Times Atlas. 23s. and 26s. (*Times* Office.)
2. Poet's Corner. 1s. (*Review of Reviews* Office.)
3. All Men are Liars. By Rev. Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Bowden.)
4. Kingsley's Novels. Pocket edition. 1s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Waverley Novels. Illustrated. Author's edition. 48 vols. Sets.
6. Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)

### NOTTINGHAM.

1. Sanday's Romans. 12s.
2. Playactress. 2s.
3. Trilby. 6s.
4. Weyman's Minister of France. 6s.
5. Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.

### ABERDEEN.

1. Driver's Deuteronomy. International Critical Commentary. 12s. (T. & T. Clark.)
2. Old Aberdeenshire Ministers. By Rev. Dr. Davidson, Inverurie. 3s. 6d. net. (D. Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen.)
3. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s. (Cassell.)
4. The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 1s. 4d. (Cassell.)
5. Story of Primitive Man. By E. Clodd. 1s. (G. Newnes.) And other volumes of the same series,
6. Hamlet and Henry VIII. Temple Shakespeare. 1s. each. (Dent.)

### SUNDERLAND.

1. Du Maurier's Trilby. 6s.
2. Weyman's Memoirs of a Minister of France. 6s.
3. Haggard's Joan Haste. 6s.
4. Stockton's Captain Horn. 6s.
5. Crockett's Bog Myrtle. 6s.

Business in books very dull owing to holidays and unusually fine weather.

### YORK.

1. Macmillan's Illustrated Standard Novels. 3s. 6d. each.
2. Trilby. 6s. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)
3. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.
4. Story of Primitive Man. 1s.
5. Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s. each.
6. A Comedy in Spasms. 1s. 6d. & 2s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

### DUBLIN.

1. Annals of the Irish Parliaments, from 1172 to 1800. By J. R. O'Flanagan. 1s. (Gill & Son.)
2. The Sham Squire. By W. J. FitzPatrick. 3s. 6d. (Gill & Son.)
3. Life of Mother Raphael Drane. By Fr. Wilberforce. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)
4. Trilby. By George Du Maurier. 6s. (Osgood.)
5. The New House of Commons. 1s. (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office.)
6. The Story of Primitive Man. By E. Clodd. 1s. (G. Newnes.)

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We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

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## TRADE NOTES.

### LONDON, E.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

The second-hand trade is still improving; fair demand for books relating to Freemasonry, Jamaica, West Indies, and works relating to Fiction, etc.

### LIVERPOOL.

The partnership hitherto existing between Messrs. Jaggard and Taylor, of 81, Lord Street, Liverpool, has been dissolved by mutual consent, and the business of both book and stamp departments will be continued at the same address by the senior partner, Mr. J. Jaggard.

### BURNLEY.

No great sale for anything but 6s. novels.

### HEREFORD.

Mr. Thos. Carver, of the Old Book Store, 6, High Street, Hereford, has just published a new Theological Catalogue, which includes a collection from the library of the late Bishop of Hereford.

### YORK.

Trade generally quiet, but a fair demand for modern scientific works and standard novels.

### BATH.

Trade has been particularly quiet here this summer,

### SYDENHAM.

Mr. F. Salmon has recently opened a Circulating Library in connection with his business in High Street.

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## BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

### ANDERSON & SON, Dumfries.

Smith's Thoughts for Sunday Evenings.
Hogg's (Rev. D.) Life and Times of Dr Wightman.
Ramage's Drumlanrig, etc.
Porter's Knights of Malta.
Concordance to Shakespeare, by Cowden Clarke.
Aird's Old Bachelor, new.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Douglas, or Field of Otterburn.
Mayne's Siller Gun, 1st edition.
Song and Music, Dark Rolling Dee, by Nicholson.

### J. E. ARNETT, The Library, Tenby.

Roberts' Cambrian Popular Antiquities.
Calamy's Two Thousand Ministers.
Man in the Moon, parts 8, 10, 20, 22 to end.
Byegones Relating to Wales.
The New Timon, part 1.
Wine and Walnuts, 2nd ed., vol. 2, bds.
Francis' Neath and its Abbey.
Hermit of Hoyle's Mouth (a pamphlet poem), good price given.
Favourite Poems, vol. 1, Poems of Love, Dutton & Co., N.Y.

### EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

Sir George Grey's Works, all except Maori Legends.
Bourne's Great Western Railway, folio.
Behmen's Works by Law, 4 vols.
Aimard's Rebel Chief and Trail Hunter.
Macdonna Across the Andes.

### BARNICOTT & PEARCE, Taunton.

Any book with bookplate of Sweeting family, of Taunton or West Somerset.

### JAMES BELL, Carlton Street, Nottingham.

Steere's Sermon Notes, 1st and 2nd series.

### BRIGDEN & CO., Gloucester.

Immortality: A Clerical Symposium, etc., Nisbet's Theological Library.

### JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, Neville St., York.

Bookman, vols. or parts from No. 1.
Kirkby Stephen and Appleby Monthly Messenger.
Plain Sermons, by Contributors to "Tracts for the Times," odd volumes.
Priestley's Historical Account of Inland Navigation and Railroads, 1831.
Life of S. Brunskill.

### THOMAS CARVER, 6, High Street, Hereford.

Warren (Leicester), any early vols.
Lang's Ballads of Old France.
" Ancassin and Nicolette.
More's Literature of Greece, vol. 5, 1857.

Hook's Archbishops, vols. 9, 10, and 12.
Manning's Travels in Tibet, 1811 (?).
Dictionary of Quotations from British Poets, part 1.
Coningsby, 1870, brown cloth.
Lake's History of Cornwall.
Stevenson's Father Damien, Sydney edition.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Aretino's Ragionamenti, 1660.
Ainsworth's Novels, 1st editions.
Amours de Daphne et Chloe.
Chansons de La Borde, 4 vols., 1773.
Curse of Minerva, 4to, 1812.
Four Kings of Canada, 1710.
George's America painted to the Life.
Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809.
Sappho, a Study, 1872.
Pisanno Fraxi, 3 vols., 4to.
Merivale's Romans, 7 vols.
Froude's English in Ireland, 3 vols.
Allot's England's Parnassus, 1600.
Withers' Emblems, 1635.
Cokaine's Poems, 1658.
Delolme's History of Flagellants.
Lecky's England, 8 vols.
Army Annual, 1759, 1762, 1763, 1764.

MISS F. CURTIS, POTTERELLS, HATFIELD.

Magazine of Art, November, December, 1892.
Pall Mall Magazine, September, 1894.
Edinburgh Quarterly Review, January, 1895.

T. T. FLEMING, SOUTH ST., ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

Old prints and other matter of St. Andrews, N.B., report.

GEORGE FRATER, WREXHAM.

Scott's Border Antiquities, illustrations to vol. 2, ed. of 1814.
Stanley Gibbon's Monthly Journal, No. 40, October, 1893.

GEORGE GREGORY, 5, ARGYLE STREET, BATH.

English Adjectives in "——able."
Aristophanes Peace, and Clouds, by Rogers.
London News, last vol. of 1894, in nos.

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL.

Denison's Cavalry, demy 8vo, 1877.
Burton's The Perfumed Garden.
The Human Flower.
The Practice of Christian Graces, or the Whole Duty of Man, printed for T. Garthwaite, 1658.
Historical Records of the 16th Lancers.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Burke's Landed Gentry.
Redgrave's Factory Legislation.
Smee's My Garden.
Lecky's History of England, 8 vols., 8vo.
Delolme on the Flagellants.
Rivington's Building Construction.
Grimm's Greek English Lexicon.
Beatson's Military and Naval Memoirs.
Puckle Club, or Green Cap for Gray Hairs.
Rimmer's Ancient Crosses.

LEDWARD, BIBBY & CO., 26, CHAPEL STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Reed's Mexico, the Land of the Sun.
Ober's Young Folks' History of Mexico.
Vigne's Travels in Mexico.
Titus' Killing is no Murder, 1659.
Any works on Mexican History posterior to 1853.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Nature, Nos. 1,011 and 1,257.
Sizings, by Hugh Monie, 1s.
Made or Marred, by Fothergill.
Reeves' English Law, 3 vols., 1869.
Hydraulic Machines, by Colyer, 2nd edit., Spon.
Gerard's Herbal.

MAWSON, SWAN & MORGAN, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Amiel's Journal.
Pearson's Acrostic Dictionary.
Hissey's Old-fashioned Journey, 1st ed.
" Drive through England, 1st ed.
" A Holiday on the Road, 1st ed.
Cornish's Wild England of To-day.
Symonds' Renaissance, any, or set.
Rawlinson's Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Harper's Magazine, 1890, Dec.; 1891, March.
Don Leon (a Sequèl to Don Juan?)
Liverpool's (Lord) Life.
Metcalfe's (Lord) Life, by Kaye.
Mitchell's (Sir Andrew) Life.
Denman's (Lord) Essays, 185-.
Hume (A. B.), A Christmas Memorial of Chas. Dickens, 1870.
Gilbert's Plates to Pickwick.
Massey's (Gerald) Poems, 2 copies.
Fouqué's Four Seasons (Undine, etc.) in 1 vol.
Smith's (Miss Toulmin) Wayfarings in the Middle Ages.
Freemasonry, any old books, pamphlets, Masonic medals, etc.
Doctor's (The) Dilemma.
Latin Parodies on Nursery Rhymes, pub. at Oxford.
Texas, any works on Texas.
Oregon, any works on Oregon.
Chivalry (History of), oblong 4to, 1857.
Brown's (Dr. John) The Resurrection of Life, 1852.
Songs, Ballads, etc., any old collections.
Fencing, Duelling, any books, pamphlets, etc.
Psalm Tune Books, with music, any.
Worlidge's Vinctus Britanum, 1676.
Parkinson's Botanical Works.
Mormonism, any books, pamphlets, etc.
Dodd's (Dr. Wm.) The Two Sisters, or any other work by or on him.
Magdalen Hospital (or Charity), any books, pamphlets, views, etc.
Sharples' Memorials of the Rebellion.
Bridgewater's Concertatio.
Cookery, any old Cookery Works.
Foss's Judges of England, vols. 5 to 9, or any.
Army Lists, 1775 to 1783, 1821, 1855.
Elton's Origins of English History, 1882, cheap.
Last (The) Man; or, Omagaws and Lydgia, 2 vols., 1806.
Bacon's (Fr.) Opera Omnia, 7 vols., Amst., 1663-96.
Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Gil Blas, 2 vols., cloth.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Books by C. H. Ross.
Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.
Hamilton's Elements of Quaternions.
Selous' Hunter's Wanderings, 1st ed.
Pearson's Acrostic Dictionary.
Essays Speculative and Suggestive, by J. A. Symonds.

J. MITCHELL, ERDDIG ROAD, WREXHAM.

Woodville and Hooker's Medical Botany, 5 vols., 1832.
Homœopathic Medical Works (not domestic treatises).
Hamilton's Flora Homœopathic, 2 vols.
Dr. W. M. Taylor's Sermons at Bootle about 1860.

JAMES PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD STREET OXFORD.

Ferrar's Collation of Manuscripts, etc., 4to, 1877.
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